

The Same Old Fool.

By MAXIMUS.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."



FIRST EDITION.

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BY

MAXIMUS,



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Julian Justin Hall Jr.

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PREFACE.

It is said that short payments make long friends. We are not sure, however, that brief prefaces make long books, for we have seen books in which the preface was everything and the book nothing. But to characterize: There are books with long prefaces, short prefaces, and others with none at all. Extent, then, in this matter, is purely a question of judgment and taste on the part of the writer. We may observe, however, that nearly all biographers indulge in long prefaces for reasons quite manifest to a discerning person. When bread is plentiful and butter scarce, the latter is made to spread over as much of the surface of the staff of life as possible. When an orator is not sure of an audience he indulges in much prefatory skirmishing in order to discover the strong or weak points of the opposition, as the case may be, or at least prepare their minds for unpleasant truths by advancing gradually until the frown of prejudice is chased away by the smile of approval.

As we are dealing with a very sensitive individual in the present instance, prudence suggests that we pursue the same conciliatory policy. But we are met with the gratifying reflection that not one of our readers will imagine for a moment that we have any reference to him, but to the other fellow. In consequence we approach the citadel of our subject with a great deal more boldness than we otherwise would.

First, then, as to our subject. It has been said that "history repeats itself." Whoever made that assertion might have gone a great deal further without doing violence to either truth or experience. Why, nearly everything in the universe repeats itself, and along with the rest (only a thousand fold more so than anything else), the Same Old Fool repeats himself. And we are

Sorry to add that each succeeding edition is worse than the first.

Observant people have noticed the tendency of scientists, linguists, moralists and theologians to reduce everything to unity or to origin in their respective spheres. The scientist would reduce all the phenomena of the material universe to the promise and potency of Matter, the linguist every language to one parent stock, while all orthodox theologians contend for the Trinity in unity. Determined not to be outdone by our scientific, linguistic and theological brethren in the treatment of our subject, we, too, shall endeavor to show that every species of Old Fool now extant belongs to the same parent. In order to establish this proposition, we found it necessary to search past records with unusual diligence, and the result may be seen in the first chapter of this veracious history.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST OLD FOOL.

Before giving the history of the First Old Fool, and going into the analysis of his character, it seems the correct thing to define what we mean by the term "Fool." To begin, then: Fools are divided into three great classes, to-wit: Natural-born fools, circumstantial fools, and artificial fools. It is with the class last mentioned that we shall deal in this volume. And we may add that while our definition of the term may be a departure from Webster and Worcester, we have eminent authority on our side, being no less than the Word of God itself, for does not St. Paul say, "Professing themselves wise, they became fools." This, then, is the kind of a fool we are after in these pages—the one who imagines he knows it all. And we shall be so impartial in the treatment of our subject as to give each Old Fool the benefit of a whole chapter devoted exclusively to himself or herself.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, especially as regards the early history of distinguished men and women, and realizing that such a noted character as the Same Old Fool must have had an ancestry reaching backwards almost to the Garden of Eden, for history, ancient as well as modern is far, from being silent concerning the doings of his descendants, we could never rest until we had found out all about the original of such an illustrious family. And we might as well add here that our researches, compared with the similar labors of others, have been crowned with eminent success. We have not only discovered who the First Old Fool was, but even had the good fortune to learn what manner of man he was. When we take into account that notwithstanding

the fact that Homer was one of the greatest of poets, and yet all we know of him is, that he is the reputed author of his own poems, and notwithstanding all that has been written of Shakespeare, all we know is, that he shot Sir Lucy's deer in his youth, and planted a mulberry tree in his old age, we are inclined to flatter ourselves upon the completeness of our work.

The manner in which we made our discovery of the First Old Fool was a mere accident, after all. After having exhausted the texts of all the profane manuscripts of antiquity, many of which were written by himself, but which, unfortunately, threw no light on his family history, in sheer desperation we began a perusal of the Old Testament. Imagine our surprise, as well as joy, when, opening the book one fine morning, the first sentence that met our eyes was this: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." We could hardly credit our own eyesight. Surely the First Old Fool recorded in history was not an atheist, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the atheist of to-day claims all the knowledge going, claims to have solved all the problems of the universe, and now shown to be the First Old Fool on record. But there it was in cold type, in one of the oldest books in the world, without one mitigating line about it. It was too bad!

There is no use, however, in our atheistic friends of to-day trying to deny it. They might as well own up. Their very speech betrayeth them, for it bears the earmarks of their original. They still say, "There is no God."

Now, some people are so weak as to believe there is much wisdom in saying "There is no God." King David, who was acquainted with the First Old Fool, was of a different opinion, for after trying to reason with

him he discovered he had no *head* to speak of, and exclaimed, "The fool hath said in his *heart* (not his head) there is no God." Oh, no; it does not require any brains to say "There is no God." Only meanness, and a sight of it.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND OLD FOOL.

The next Old Fool to which we invite your attention is the Scientific Infidel. This specimen is a younger brother of the atheist. He does not, like his older brother, deny the existence of God without rhyme or reason, but claims to be in possession of certain facts which enable mankind to get along very well without one. Like the fox which had lost his tail and then tried to persuade all the other foxes to cut off theirs as a useless appendage, so he, having lost all respect for himself, as well as his Maker, and being lonesome, would fain persuade all men to believe as he does.

One of the greatest lights in the kingdom of Scientific Fools, Professor Tyndall says that matter has the promise as well as the potency of all things terrestrial as well as heavenly, which is the same thing as saying that Matter has all power in heaven as well as earth. As this is all any christian ever claimed for the Almighty, all the difference anyone can see, who has any common sense, is one of mere names. If the christian chooses to call his God Jehovah, and the Scientific Infidel to denominate his, Matter, and they possess the same attributes, what right has the Scientific Infidel to accuse the enlightened christian of "superstition?" The superstition is all on the other side.

The materialist is like the sculptor of Greek history. Moved by the genius of his own nature and the aspiration of his own nation, he embodied in spotless marble, ideal beauty, strength and grace. He gave the statue to his country-men, and they, alas! worshiped it as a god. Materialists find Matter impressed by certain laws, arranged in beautiful forms, and they set it up with energy and space and worship it as a god, having the promise as well as the potency of all things terrestrial as well as heavenly. Not the truly great minds of the world do this; not the profound thinkers of our day do this, but partial thinkers—men devoid of intuition—men, impervious to the noblest conceptions who thus empty God of divinity, of intellect, of emotion, and put in place thereof “physical properties.”

True science, however, is the hand-maid of religion and a foe to superstition. The Apostle Paul, whom all Scientific Infidels hate, was one of its ablest expounders, and first enunciated its principles in the very seat of so-called philosophy itself. His speech delivered on Mar’s Hill at Athens nearly 2,000 years ago, was one of the *most* masterful appeals for the existence of God from the standpoint of human reason that ever fell from the lips of man. In it he says nothing of protoplasmic cells, of embryonic life, of Philosophic Evolution, but speaks of the unknown God of Greece as one in whom we live and move, and have our being, as the gracious sender of the fruitful shower, and concerning whom their own poets had claimed them to be his own offspring. That speech has never been answered and never will be. It has survived the sophistry of Hume, the cynicism of Voltaire, the rhetoric of Gibbon, the vulgarity of Paine, and it will outlive the blasphemy of Ingersoll. In comparison to it, Darwin’s “Descent of

Man" is as mud to marble, "Hyperion to a Satyr," or a chattering monkey to a "myriad-minded" Shakspeare.

Never was a book better named than Darwin's. The "Descent of Man" is the tendency of all modern infidelity. Having denied God, its next step is to degrade man. If any one can hesitate as to whether God made man in his own image, or whether he evolved from a monkey, with all due deference to such a man, whether a Scientific Infidel or any other fool, we give it as our deliberate opinion, if he should finally decide in favor of the monkey, that his remote ancestor was the more sensible of the two.

CHAPTER III.

The next Old Fool is the literary infidel: He is a twin brother to the Scientific, occupying the same position in the world of letters that his brother does in the field of science. As the scientific "Old Fool" regards every scientist, who still adheres to the *word* of God as fossil of a pre-scientific age, so the literary one looks upon all writers who still believe in its inspiration, as poor, weak mortals deserving their pity, if not their contempt.

One of the most eminent instances of the literary and oratorical fools combined, is Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. The nineteenth century has been one pre-eminently of invention and innovation, and the Colonel was bent on keeping up with the procession. He thinks he has made two wonderful discoveries. The first he entitles "The Mistakes of Moses," and the other, "There is no God."

We have not learned whether he has applied for a patent or not, but we are persuaded they will both be rejected on the grounds of "previous discovery," as a syndicate of inventors, consisting of Korah, Dathan and Abiram laid claim to the first discovery of the "Mistakes of Moses." We are sorry to add that they did not discover their own until too late. Although we have already shown that the first "Old Fool" recorded in history said "there was no God," yet, wishing to learn the merits of the Colonel's invention, we have examined it thoroughly and find the following claims set forth by Robert. He says that what has heretofore been considered a master-wheel in the machinery of the universe, and which, for want of a better name, we call God, is only a clog or fifth wheel to the wagon, and should be dispensed with. He claims that the elimination of this useless piece of machinery will reduce the cost of living to a minimum. We believe this, for in all countries where it has been tried, houses and clothing have been discarded and every one replenishes his larder with the flesh of his enemy. As fat men in those countries are preferred to lean, and as the Colonel inclines to *embonnepoint*, he would no doubt meet the fate he covets by becoming a martyr to his principles. It is true he is old and is a tough subject, but perhaps after boiling him a couple of days they might get most of the *agnosticism* out of him. Ah, Yes! We believe his invention under favorable conditions would be a great success, and we trust Congress may pass an appropriation sufficient to pay the expenses of Colonel Ingersoll and his friends to the Cannibal Islands that they may witness the full effects of the discovery that there is no God.

As to the "Mistakes of Moses," we have no doubt that "Bob" is the man to point them out. It requires one

great man to criticise another, especially when he has had experiences similar to his subject. Moses was a soldier, lawyer and prophet. So is Robert. The latter's military career, however, was much briefer and more brilliant than that of Moses. The gallant Colonel commanded a cavalry regiment during the late war, was taken prisoner by General Forrest and exchanged for an army mule. Moses, on the other hand, did nothing except to lead an army of three millions of men, women and children through the deserts of Arabia where food and water were scarce. And even this little job took him forty years, whereas could the dashing Robert have been in command, rather than fail, he would have swapped off his entire host for an army mule and ridden into Canaan, solitary and alone. We have no doubt of this, for Bob generally "gets there" whenever there is an inducement to do so.

There has been an unbroken succession in the line of the Literary Old Fools. Some of this line have been quite famous, and in their day and time, had quite a following. But they, one and all, show by their lives, no less than by their language, that they are of a common origin. The conceit of the modern specimen, however, is almost fabulous. They not only believe they possess a monopoly of all the truths in the universe, but regard it as one of their sole missions on earth to impart it to others. Sometimes it is delivered to mankind in the guise of a novel, sometimes in the shape of a lecture, but most frequently in the form of an abandoned life in which all decency is thrown to the winds. We have already noticed that the first Old Fool on record said there was no God. But since an infidel will believe nothing handed down, in every age his brethren have claimed "There is no God" as an original discovery.

And this, by the way, small as it is, the only piece of originality that infidelity has ever been accused of. While christianity has discovered that there is a God, and in consequence, has erected hospitals for the sick in body, churches for the sick of soul, while it gives sight to the blind and life to the dead, and while it has carried light and immortality to such as sat in darkness and the shadow of death, while it has sweetened every life that ever embraced it, and in the hour of dissolution robbed death of its terrors, what has infidelity done in the past and what is it doing to day but to subvert faith in God and man, to impair the sacredness of marriage by trying to prove it a failure, to impair the value of life by trying to prove it not worth living. Their inner-consciousness no doubt, causes them to come to this conclusion, for if ever any one made a complete failure in life it is an infidel. What an Old Fool he is to be sure! You may always tell one of these Old Fools by the following ear-marks: If educated, he imagines there is not another such direful word in the language as "superstition." And yet, strange as it might seem to one unacquainted with such frauds as he is, he will not contribute one cent towards getting it out of the world by the only method which has ever proved successful, Another ear-mark is his pretended disbelief in anything supernatural except himself. This follows of course, as he considers himself no ordinary mortal. Well, he is hardly an ordinary mortal. Quite frequently he publishes a book with some new scheme of the universe, (each one always has a new scheme, for none of the old ones will work,) in which such high-sounding words as protoplasmic cells, Philosophic Evolution occur, and which are about as intelligible to the majority of their readers as the hieroglyphic inscriptions to be found upon

an Assyrian monument would be. Or perhaps he essays the role of fiction (his legitimate sphere) and evolves from his inner consciousness a lot of cranks, male and female, who go poking their noses through all the pages of the Bible, into every mystery of redemption, while ignoring the exalted morality of the New Testament. They get along swimingly until they come to something they cannot understand, and then, good-bye inspiration. Inspiration is to blame for it all. Anything they cannot understand is incomprehensible of course. But the beauty of the whole thing is, the world is full of just such fools who buy the book; the christian does the same in order to see what sort of an egg this new cockatrice has hatched out. And so between the two he feathers his own nest, which was the object he had in view when he began.

These are the usual concomitants of the Literary Infidel. Sometimes, as in the case of Ingersoll, he mounts the lecture platform and descants at so much a head on the "Mistakes of Moses." No christian would, however, attempt to point out the Mistakes of Ingersoll. That would be a task beyond his powers, and so he concludes to let the Mistakes of Moses take care of themselves as they have been doing for about 4,000 years and will continue to do until the end of time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRITICAL OLD FOOL.

We enter into a wide field when we step into that occupied by the Critical Old Fool. In fact, he will not content himself with a field. He wants the earth. Of all the Old Fools, he is the most wide-spread and numerous. You will find him everywhere, and no matter where you find him, you will at once recognize him as a chip from the same block. He knows it all. If he is a believer in Revelation, the passage therein, which reads, "Let us make man in our own image," he considers as referring especially to himself, as the man meant. And it must be confessed on the score of omniscience and ubiquity, he does bear a striking resemblance to his Maker. As a judge of history, science, literature, art, religion, morals, manners and taste, he is pre-eminent. Let a historian by patient research and enormous literary labor endeavor to give his fellowmen the benefit of facts, culled from every available source, and the Critical Old Fool will at once "smell a mouse," and set his little rat-trap of a brain to catch it. If the historian inadvertently makes a mistake as to a date or some other inconsequential fact, this "smart Aleck" of a critic will at once proceed to make a mountain out of a mole hill. On the other hand should the dates and facts be correct, why then he will say, "the author's style is execrable." But if facts, dates and style all be correct, why in that case he will say nothing at all, implying thereby, that any-

thing with which he cannot find fault is not worthy of notice. Indeed, he so demeans himself, as if he thought the most distinguished of mankind should esteem it a personal favor, on his part, as well as a great compliment to themselves, to be noticed by him at all. I am sorry to add that some people do seem to consider it a compliment sure enough to get a "vicious dig in the ribs" from these gentry. They are like the Irishman, who went over to London, and being asked if he saw the Queen, replied, "Faix and be sure I did ! Why bless me *sowl*, and didn't her Gracious Majesty spake to me." Being questioned as to the words addressed to him by her Majesty, he replied with every evidence of pleasure, "Why she *axed* me to git out of her way."

In Science, the Critical Old Fool disputes the *data* of men, who have devoted their lives to it, while only possessing a smattering of it himself.

In Literature, it is the same thing. If an infidel, he can write a better book than the Bible. If not, he can write a better play than Shakspeare, a better poem than Milton, a better history than Macaulay. And yet, he never writes one. He can preach a better sermon than Doddridge or Barrow, compose a more meritorious oration than Demosthenes. And yet he never opens his mouth in the pulpit or upon the rostrum, except for pay. What a pity that so much perfection should be lost to mankind on account of other people's poverty. Oh ! the immeasurable conceit required to constitute a first-class Critical Old Fool ! Although producing nothing, he is capable of all things. In theology he not only points out the "Mistakes of Moses" himself, but knows more about divinity in one short hour than Augustine, John Calvin, James Arminius, Martin Luther or John Wesley ever dreamed of. In medicine, although never

inside of a medical college or a dissecting room, he yet knows more about *materia medica* and *anatomy* than the most eminent practitioner or surgeon in the land. In business he is an adept. He knows why this man succeeds and that one fails much better than they know it themselves. As to newspapers, he is a born editor, and criticises the poor devil who edits one, without mercy. In art, although he cannot draw the outlines of a coffee-pot correctly, he yet points out to admiring dunces the defects of Michael Angelo, Da Vinci and Rafael and Rubens with ease in "words of learned length and thunderous sound." As to education generally, he is immense, knowing everything intuitively. If a teacher makes haste slowly in adopting new methods, he calls him an old fogey. On the other hand, should he seek to improve upon former methods, he rails at him for adopting what he terms "new-fangled notions." But the Critical Old Fool is just simply inexhaustible, and we drop him.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE SAME OLD FOOL IN SOCIETY.

It was Lord Byron, we believe, who wrote that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Now, any one not acquainted with the peculiar characteristics that constitute the Same Old Fool would imagine, perhaps, that in society at least, he would not dare to show his face, much less open his mouth. Sad mistake! He is not only there in full force, but aspires to leadership like he does everywhere else. He cuts so many different capers and assumes so many different *roles* that it is a difficult matter to recognize him as one and the Same Old Fool you have encountered elsewhere. But he is though. Sometimes he is seen in the person of one newly rich. You may always know him when you are in his presence by his opening remarks. He is generally open in this respect at all hours, except when asleep, and we incline to the opinion that his mouth, even then, is wide open and that he talks about himself. Before giving you a catalogue of his goods and chattels, financial standing and splendid social position, he always prefaces all this by saying, "Sir, I am a self-made man." If the old "pudding-head" had not conceived the idea he was "some pumpkins" he would never make such a remark as that, for instead of creating the impression he covets

he does just the reverse, enabling all sensible people to see at once that he is telling the truth. He is utterly unmindful, however, of the only meritorious part of his declaration, for in boasting of his own creation he believes the Lord of a fearful responsibility.

This specimen verily believes that money will purchase everything, including brains, respectability and social position. In consequence of this, if any one shows a disposition to shun him, he imagines they do so for want of sufficient sense to appreciate him, and not for any lack of engaging qualities on his part. Now, we do not mean to imply that the newly-rich Old Fool is without a plausible reason for entertaining such an exalted opinion of himself. He is unable to perceive that his acquaintances worship his money instead of himself. That is where the joke comes in. But the Old Fool is ambitious. He supplies his sons, if he has any, with plenty of money and fast horses, and his "gals" with each and every recurring fad of the season. And we may add that the children of a newly-rich Old Fool always improve upon the parental edition, and carry the example set by "pappy" and "mammy" to the most ridiculous extent. Although he began his own career by sleeping in a hay-loft and living on ash-cake and buttermilk, he brings up his children in idleness and luxury. And why? That he may obtain recognition from people who really think less of him now than when he was poor. Then he did have a little sense and some honest pride about him. Now, with all his wealth, he is nothing but a lick-spittle and a sycophant. We have heard much and read much in derision of Southern aristocracy, but we have never encountered such an Old Fool among them as this. Their exclusiveness was based on very valid reasons in most instances, and the efforts

put forth by such an "old goose" as we are describing, to get within what he considers their charmed circle, is not the least among them. It requires an amount of conceit that is colossal, and a lack of sense that is phenomenal for any one to suppose that he will be welcome where he is not wanted.

But we said the newly-rich Old Fool is under the impression that money will purchase brains also. It can and does procure their employment, but never their be-stowment. You may give a man an idea, but God alone can give him the power to comprehend it. But like all the rest of the Old Fools, the Newly-Rich knows it all, and will not listen to you when you try to advise him.

CHAPTER II.

THE WITTY OLD FOOL.

While we are well aware that Dullness rolls the maxim "All that glitters is not gold" as a sweet morsel under its tongue for obvious reasons, still at the same time we find it to be true that men of wit are not usually profound. Neither are close observers of human nature, as a general rule, ever burdened with the task of originality or invention. Genius, whenever serviceable to the world, has the heart of a child and the head of a Titan. They are nearly always ignorant of human nature, these "divine sons and daughters of genius," and this, in a great measure, accounts for their failure to succeed as the world rates success.

A man who has eaten of "the insane root that takes the reason prisoner," who has caught strains of "the eternal melodies," who is content to have plain living in order that he may enjoy high thinking, lives apart from

the "madding crowds," "ignoble strife," the great school of human nature, which he that is of the earth earthy finds so congenial a field.

There are, however, some notable exceptions to this. There have been wits who were also wise. But as a rule the flash of wit and the ray of wisdom seem incompatible.

But there is a species of humanity who, on account of certain characteristics, well deserve, the title of the Witty Old Fool. This Old Fool has been called a wit so often by greater fools than himself, that he really believes he is one sure enough. Now, we venture the assertion without the fear of successful contradiction that not one in a hundred of them knows what wit really is. They are under the impression that wit makes people laugh. But wit does nothing of the kind.

But there is a bastard species of mechanical humor which always produces that effect, and hence their hallucination. One of the most eminent instances of a mechanical humorist is Mark Twain. He has minimized what is truly great, and maximized what is really small, until the American head is as flat where the bump of veneration ought to be as a pancake. It is the province of genuine humor to laugh man out of his follies and vices, as did Cervantes and Fielding and Charles Dickens, and not to destroy all reverence for men worthy of veneration.

We dare say that such men as Twain, *et id omne genus*, have done more real harm to the people of the United States than all the dime novels ever published. The only genuine humorists our country has so far produced, are Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Judge Longstreet and Joel Chandler Harris. There is an expansion in their humor that takes it quite out of the category of mechanical contrivances. As to "Bill Arp" while pos-

sessing wit and humor, he cannot in justice be called either a wit or a humorist. He has neither the expansiveness of a genuine humorist, nor the brilliance of a true wit. But he has what is superior to both—the robust genius of saving, common sense. His scorn of shams is too great to be content with the weapons of ridicule, and will stop nothing short of denunciation. His love for his fellowman is too deep for parodies on his achievements. To read after such a man is to love him.

But the Witty Old Fool whom we wish to put on exhibition in these pages belongs to the universal tribe. He has fired his little pop-gun at every genius the world has ever seen. He has no reverence for anything in Heaven or Earth. He ridiculed Moses and parodized Paradise Lost. He can weep at the tomb of Adam, caricature George Washington. He has but one ambition—to create a laugh at somebody else's expense. He cannot take a joke himself, and "gets as mad as a hornet" when you "turn the tables" on him. In company he essays the role, and becomes as great a nuisance as a black gnat or a mosquito, which are never in raptures except when drawing blood. Good, plain, pious and worthy people seem to be the special objects of his shafts, and to raise a laugh by ridiculing some peculiarity of their dress or manner of speaking, whether in the pulpit or out of it (if we may judge by outward signs), gives him more real pleasure than anything else. Although the earth is full of frauds, shams and cheats of every description, he yet forsakes this legitimate field for the exercise of wit for the forbidden one of things that should be held up as models for imitation. In short he is

A member of that petty clan
 Who must be witty when they can,
 Not when they should; and therefore strike
 At foes and bosom friends alike.

So as a general rule they are always loaded to the gunwales with puns, innuendoes and double *entendres*—the light artillery of the Devil himself, for if there be a universal language in Hell, it is that of sarcasm.

Such is the Witty Old Fool—an exact antithesis of the one constituting the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOLID OLD FOOL.

What is termed success in life has evidently engaged the profoundest minds in all ages of men who were, or professed to be, worldly wise. But it is well enough to state at the very outset that the word "success" has had many meanings since the history of man began. In the days of Solomon it meant the number of wives a man could afford to have. For instance, the Good Book nowhere tells us that King Solomon was worth a million of dollars, but it states very explicitly that he had three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, and that he was "a success" in the wife-getting line admits of no dispute. The next fad in the way of success was military glory. The fellow who, by dint of much fighting and physical strength, had knocked on the head the greater number of his enemies, was considered the most successful man. Religious success was the next craze. The lazy, and alas too often lousy, bare-footed priest, who pretended to subsist on acorns and water, in order to keep his own body lean, but who had no scruples in

“frying the fat” out of a heretic, was considered as the most successful man of the age. And he was, too, as the world rated success at that time, for he was idolized during life and canonized as a saint after death. Then came the revival of letters, and the man or woman who was most thoroughly acquainted with “Heathen Mythology” and could quote most glibly in the tongues by which it has been handed down, was considered a prodigy. In short, success and pedantry meant one and the same thing. Who cared anything for an ignoramus then, even if he was worth a million? But as civilization advanced and multiplied the necessities of man, the word “success” took another meaning, which it has held ever since. And that word is “money.” When you ask after an absent friend nowadays, and the answer comes that “he is very successful,” you never hear anyone say “in what way.” That is well understood. When someone informs you that “Miss So-and-so has married well,” that is understood too, although she may have married some old miser, eighty years old, without a tooth in his head, half blind and deaf as a post. It is true the young prostitute shows some twinges of a conscience, which she tries to soothe by quoting the well-known phrase, that “it is better to be an old man’s darling than a young man’s slave,” which phrase was no doubt invented by some other young prostitute in a similar situation, and which has proven a God-send to the whole tribe ever since. No doubt the reason of its invention, in the first instance, was owing to the fact that it was considered marrying well at one time if the young man was worthy, though he may have been poor.

It was once the custom in writing marriage notices to conclude with some verses appropriate to the occasion. How would this sound at the conclusion of a notice of a

marriage between an old fool eighty years old, and a young woman only eighteen or twenty?

“Hymen, thy brightest torch prepare,
 Gild with light the nuptial bower,
 With garlands crown this lovely pair,
 On them thy choicest blessings shower.
 Cupids lightly sport and play,
 Hymen crowns the happy day.
 Sprightly graces too descend,
 And the beauteous bride attend.
 Here no sordid interests binds, (It don’t)
 But purest innocence and love, (Great Heavens!)
 Combined unite their spotless minds,
 And seal their vows above.” (Below more likely)

If Hymen prepared any torch at all on this occasion to gild the nuptial bower it would be simply to prevent the half-blind old fool from stumbling over a chair and breaking his neck, a consummation no doubt devoutly wished for by the “beauteous bride,” as her sole purpose in marrying the old soft-head was his money, and the sooner he dies, the sooner she gets it, that is all.

So then, we think the point is established that success and money mean one and the same thing, and whether you really think so or not you would better keep your mouth shut unless you wish to be set down as a crank of the worst description.

Since the advent of the money era the language itself has undergone a complete change, for whereas when David Garrick over one hundred years ago was playing to “crowded houses” in London, if he were doing the same thing to-day, he would be reported as “playing to one thousand” or “two thousand dollar houses,” as the case might be. It is true the phrase to a citizen of the last century might be a little ambiguous, as he might be led to infer that the house in which the play was going

on cost two thousand dollars. But no one in this day and generation, when humanity itself is merged into the unit of a dollar, would ever make such a mistake as that.

“Responsible” is another word which the Money Era has wrenches from its moorings. When you ask whether such and such a man is “responsible,” it would be considered an evidence of intense ignorance or softening of the brain were you to reply that “he was an honest man,” instead of saying that he has property.

These two instances are sufficient to show the complete transformation which words have undergone since the advent of the Money Era. But as our object is to point out a peculiar species of Old Fool which the Money Age has produced, we will omit further illustration, although we could fill a volume with them alone.

We have just said this age has produced a peculiar species of Old Fool, and although he may have the appearance of being the originator of his line, yet upon examination, he will be found a member of the universal family, having all the ear-marks of his ancestors to any discerning person. We refer to the Solid Old Fool. This specimen by virtue of certain maxims, such as a “still tongue makes a wise head,” “still waters run deep,” and such like, which have been handed down from one generation of Solid Old Fools to another as a precious heir-loom in the family, has adopted them as covering his case exactly.

We dislike an iconoclastic reputation, dislike to expose the spoiled darlings of the human imagination as cheats and frauds. In consequence of our feelings in this regard we hate to inform the Solid Old Fool that all these phrases to which we have alluded and to which he pins his faith never had their origin in the barren in-

tellect of any of his tribe. They were written by men of wit in sheer desperation. Some Solid Old Fool was boring them to death with relentless platitudes, and having tried every other means of making him hold his tongue, determined to flatter him into doing so, and so, said: "A still tongue makes a wise head." The Old Fool caught at it as eagerly as a duck would at a June-bug, and from that remote day to this it has constituted a stock phrase in the Court Language of solid Old Fools everywhere. So firmly were they persuaded of its virtues that they took a mortgage upon the first edition and foreclosed it as soon as possible. And to-day, to show how it has grown in popular favor, it is being retailed in every public school-house in the United States, by every numb-skull of a teacher from Maine to Mexico.

And the success of the thing has been wonderful. The Solid Old Fools have captured everything. Do you find a wit, a humorist, a writer or a poet, as president of a bank or a railroad? Not one. The Solid Old Fools have them all. And why should they not? The idea of wit and humor running a bank or a railroad is ridiculous. Every dog has his day, and the Solid Old Fool has his to-day. In the days of Swift and Addison, Pope and Steele and Goldsmith the wits had it all their own way. But that day is past.

When a vote is about to be taken now-a-days for a president, a man's brilliance is against him every time. Oh, how the brilliant man wishes he could swap places about that time with the Solid Old Fool, who knows just enough of the theory of our government to recognize the fact that he is eligible to the presidency. Look at these poor brilliant men, Clay, Webster, Calhoun and James G. Blaine, left at home to die of broken hearts as they beheld the Great American Ass—the voters, bear-

ing in triumph to Washington, men who never originated a national sentiment, much less a national measure.

Look at the field of literature. See the Solid Old Fool who never wrote a line in his life, owning the best magazines in the country, and making hundreds of thousands of dollars per year, only paying the poor devil of a genius enough to keep soul and body together.

Look at your manufacturing enterprises headed by Solid Old Fools, who in some cases, hardly "have sense enough to carry food to a bear," while the brilliant mechanical genius who supervises thousands of spindles and wheels and pulleys, is happy to earn in a lifetime as much as the profits accruing to the Solid Old Fool, who owns it, amounts to in a single year.

Look at the church. See the brilliant preacher—the idol of the people, criticised by every Solid Old Fool of a preacher in the Conference. Debarred from every official position of honor, trust or profit, because they say—"he is not a safe man." The Lord help these Old "Safes" in the church. The whole Jewish-Sanhedrim was composed of "safe men." They were too "safe" for Jesus, and to make themselves still safer they put him to death. They were too safe for the Apostles also, and would have treated them in the same way if possible.

To end this branch of the subject, it may as well be conceded first as last, that the "Solid Old Fool is on top, and we will now proceed to show how he got there.

Any pursuit which requires no extraordinary powers of mind, is of course the one capable of being followed by the great majority of mankind. And when this pursuit takes precedence of all others in point of honor and esteem, it follows as a matter of course that every other avocation or even profession must sink more or less in

public estimation. For instance, before the advent of the Money Age, the trades which men followed determined their social status. The blacksmith was a little lower than the shoemaker, unless the latter was a cobbler. The carpenter was one degree removed from the shoemaker, unless the former was what is known as a "jackleg." The machinist took precedence of the carpenter and the mason, while the merchant and the farmer, when the latter came under the category of a planter, took precedence of all the rest. In the learned professions it was much the same. The statesman took precedence of the politician, the politician of the lawyer, the lawyer of the doctor, the doctor of the preacher, and the preacher of the pedagogue.

Now, it mattered not how much money the blacksmith made, he could not break down the social barriers until he quit the business of a blacksmith. Until he took off his leather apron and quit prizing grit and pebbles out of a mule's foot, and got the cinders out of his hair and the soot from his face and hands, he was not eligible to take a step higher in the social scale. Neither could the carpenter's son associate with the merchant's daughter until he had gotten the sawdust and shavings out of his hair and eye-brows. Neither could the machinist until he had gotten rid of his grease and overalls, pay court to the planter's daughter.

In the learned professions a similar unwritten law was observed. The poor devil of a school-master stood no show with the banker's daughter. The preacher, when he could gain the hand of an heiress, was considered as having in advance given assurance to the young lady's family that he would abandon his calling or so alter the manner of his discourses as to give no further offence to her rich friends. In those days the

M. D. bade defiance to the quack with his bogus certificates. The statesman eyed with lofty disdain the pot-house politician.

But with the advent of the Money Age, all these social distinctions vanished. "The almighty dollar" has broken down the last barrier between the trades and professions. The soap-boiler and the statesman shake hands across the greasy chasm. The wealthy scavenger scarce deigns to notice the seedy litterateur as he passes him on the street. Were he rich, he would fairly devour him. To make a long matter short, the Solid Old Fool saw that his hour had come, and embraced it. He saw that any fool could make money, and that any fool who had it was considered a fool no longer. That genius and wit and talent would combine to sing his praises—and get his money. They would hang upon his every utterance as upon an oracle—for money. If what he said had no sense in it, they would put sense in it—for money. If he wished to go to Congress he could go—by money. Just look on the Solid Old Fool's sitting in the Senate of the United States, in seats once filled by Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Some of them have been sitting there for ten years, and if their mouths have ever opened except to yawn when some motion in the interest of the people was being made, we cannot recall it. Look at that brilliant man—a survival of a past senatorial age—sitting over there. He is poor, and has about as much weight and influence in shaping legislation as a feather. Look at that squat-figured, low-browed, stolid specimen of humanity sitting over there fast asleep. He is worth millions, and so is his vote.

Oh, ye little men with a pile of gray matter in your brain-boxes! It is no use to kick. You sold yourselves to the Devil, when for the sake of a few paltry dollars

you puffed the Solid Old Fool in the newspaper—when you sang his praises in the magazine and thundered them on the hustings. It is no use to squirm. He has his heel upon you and will crush the life out of you. Oh, ye aristocrats! Growing small by degrees and beautifully less! Turn up your noses no longer at common folks. 'T here are no common folks nowadays, but poor folks, and you must continue to do as you have done ever since the war—fall down at the feet of mammon and worship him, or become common folks yourselves. “A fig for family, but millions for fortune,” henceforth be your motto. “Get into the swim.” Throw yourselves prostrate in the dust before the image of the modern Nebuchadnezer, which is gold, gold, gold. Propitiate the modern Croesus, invite him to your houses, throw your daughters into his arms. Let money cause to commingle your patrician with his plebeian blood, as you have done, and prate no more of “quality.” The salt has lost its savour, and the word its meaning.

Hurrah, for the reign of the Solid Old Fool,
 When the dollar alone is the ultima Thule,
 When brains and high lineage are not worth a fig,
 When minus a fortune or bank-account big,
 No longer it pays my proud Cavalier
 To turn up your nose or utter a sneer,
 The Pleb. is on top, and the Solid Old Fool
 Is the cock of the walk—acknowledge his rule.
 Let Pleb. and Patrician unitedly sing,
 The praise of the Nineteenth Century King.

We conclude the subject of “The Solid Old Fool” with one more observation. He has two redeeming qualities. The first is that he is frequently made such as he is by a mother’s love. She has, say, four sons—John, Tom, Dick and Harry. John, Tom and Dick are as brilliant as may be. Harry is a dunce. John, Dick

and Tom leave him far in the rear at school. Mother tells the teacher, and all her neighbors, where little Harry can hear it: "Harry is not bright like John, Dick and Tom, but he is mighty solid." His "solidity" becomes the virtue of the family. Brilliance is at a discount. Genius, for want of sympathy at home, seeks it abroad. It is thrown into bad company for want of good. The Solid Little Dunce at home is coddled and petted and given every opportunity for material advancement. He assumes the air of a monarch when in the presence of his brethren. They leave home. He remains, and by virtue of every opportunity freely given him, becomes the richest boy in the whole family, while perhaps in far-away Texas or distant California the brilliant John, the ready Richard, or the Titanic Tom are burning midnight oil in an uncongenial age to keep body and soul together. Meanwhile Harry, with just sense enough to say his brothers are "smart," is at home, the idol of every other Solid Old Fool for miles around. Eligible to a seat in the Legislature, in Congress—eligible to anything, except having sense enough to be educated.

The other redeeming quality of the Solid Old Fool is his power to produce sleep. When all other agencies fail, he succeeds. Your own brilliance upon him has about the same effect as pouring water upon a duck's back. You could no more impress one of your brilliant fancies upon his dull brain than you could raise the dead. You know this. You give him the floor, and in ten minutes you are so sound asleep yourself, that nothing short of a cannon would rouse you. Sancho Panza says, "God bless the man who first invented sleep. The Solid Old Fool is the man.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ANCESTRAL OLD FOOL.

Nearly everything in this world has its opposite. In fact nearly all our ideas are derived in this way. We must know *two* things in order to comprehend *one*. If we had no knowledge of light we could have no conception of darkness. Without such duality of ideas and objects it would be impossible to think correctly. It follows as a matter of course, then, that the Newly Rich Old Fool has his counterpart. He is seen in the Ancestral Old Fool. This dilapidated specimen of the human race is as much of a nuisance in his way as the Newly Rich is in his. If the one bores you to death about his money, the other does the same about his ancestors. Pride of ancestry is very commendable when one's ancestry is worthy of remembrance. But nine times in ten when you hear a man eternally talking about his ancestry, you at once infer they do not amount to much. When your ancestry is illustrious it always speaks for itself. The Ancestral Old Fool forgets that old people very generally have retentive memories of men and things of the long ago, and very often conclude when this specimen has blown his horn for all it is worth, that "a frog cannot remember when he was a tadpole, but other people do." As for ourselves, on such occasions we feel sorry for his ancestors (if he has any), and do not doubt, could they hear the glib tongues of some of their descendants, they would lament ever having sent such a specimen down to posterity to misrepresent them. These self-constituted spokesmen of illustrious families are generally the most complete failures on earth. Their gardens are usually chock-full of weeds, their farms "gone to wreck," their houses (if they

have any) look like a cyclone of poverty has struck them, the windows crammed with old rags, and even the dogs, for want of food, are almost too lean to bark at you. The Old Fool is out at the elbows himself, with patches on the seat of his pants large enough to cover the whole map of the United States. And yet it is very often the case that he is offered employment that would support himself and family, and yet refuses it, preferring to sponge upon his neighbors, and pay them back with a dish of chat about his ancestors, who, like himself, were aristocrats, of course. Poor Old Fool! to delude himself with the idea that we have any aristocracy in this country, except the aristocracy of praiseworthy achievement—the aristocracy of virtue and talent. Talk about such a thing in a country where no titles are allowable in times of peace, except the universal “Colonel,” and the ubiquitous judge. Talk about an aristocracy where butchers, shoemakers and scavengers are as good as anyone else, when rich.

The old blockhead is over one hundred years behind the times. The last vestige of aristocracy was utterly wiped out in this country by statute in the year 1777. The Old Fool knows no difference, however, between nobility and aristocracy. God creates the first and man the latter, and so imperfect is the work of the latter, that he must give it a title before any one would be able to decide by outward signs whether it was “fish, flesh, fowl or good red-herring. Owners of swine have certain marks, such as slits, holes, forks and crops in the ear, in order to distinguish their own from other people’s hogs. But so far as we are acquainted, the aristocracy so-called of this country have no distinguishing marks about them, except, perhaps, “the big-head,” super-

induced by an abundance of water in that member where their brains ought to be.

But the Ancestral Old Fool is unmindful of all these things. It is a thousand pities such people as he have any ancestors. And we have no doubt their ancestors would regret, if they could, that they ever had any descendants, if they all turn out like this one.

But there is one consolation, if not compensation, left us. If we cannot have a titled aristocracy like England, nearly every American can have a Normandy poplar, a weeping willow, and a peacock, and that is all that is necessary to make an American aristocrat.

Poor Old Fool! Three-fourths dunce and one-fourth fraud, we bid you adieu, and "bring in another"—ass.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOREIGN-TRAVELED OLD FOOL.

During the better days of the Republic, when God was above gold, mind above matter and manhood above money, it was the custom of Northern and Southern gentlemen, when they retired from politics or business, to visit foreign countries in order to better understand the workings of our own system of government, and improve their minds by visual contact with historic scenes. Some of our best American literature resulted from such visits. But since the advent of the Money Era this is all changed. Thousands of men and women not knowing B from a bull's foot crowd the piazzas of every continental hotel, where their swaggering, "pursified" demeanor has brought contempt upon the whole of North America. They spend their money in the most lavish manner, and impress the economical denizens of the Old World as being the biggest set of fools in existence. They give swell entertainments, to which some old broken-down *roue* of a count, who has been tabooed by all decent society in his own country, is invited. Here this dilapidated specimen of decayed royalty is introduced to the American millionaire flunky's daughter, and ere long the whole kingdom of female fools in the United States is thrilled by the announcement of the engagement of the wealthy heiress of Porkopolis or Gotham to this needy matrimonial adventurer. There is but one redeeming feature in the whole disgraceful business, and that is its candor. There is no pretence of love on either side. The sordid daughter of the Republic went over to buy a title, the old *roue* had one to sell, and the bargain was soon struck. The young woman was conscious, no doubt, that her only road to

nobility was to buy a title, and her husband, who had been trying to sell it for the past twenty years to every eligible young lady in Europe, thanks his stars, no doubt, that the *Gweat Wepublic* has come to his rescue in the shape of a big enough fool to buy it, and thereby save him a trip to Australia to avoid his creditors.

But if the Foreign-Travelled Old Fool is a standing rebuke to us in Europe for his want of taste, his ill-manners, and the lavish display of his wealth, his ignorance, is laughable. He visits Stratford-on-Avon, perhaps, and by consulting his guide-books, learns that this was the birthplace of Shakespeare. But who in thunder was Shakespeare? is what troubles him. It is true that when he was a soap-boiler in Cincinnati, a butcher in Chicago, or a saddler in New York, he may have heard that Shakespeare was a great dramatic genius. But what in the name of Old Nick is a dramatic genius? There is the rub. Sometimes the Old Fool will purchase an old castle and take up his winter residence in it. But he has no more idea of its history than a hog has about holiday.

As a proof of this, it is related of an American millionaire who bought a castle on the Rhine, that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "Oh, papa, what have you been doing?" she cried. "The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy, but I've got the old thing heated up at last."

But if you wish to see the Foreign-Travelled Old Fool in all his glory, just wait until he gets back once more upon his native heath. With what gusto [goose-toe] he relates how he was introduced to my Lord Broken-staff and her ladyship; of how his daughters, Polly and

Betsy Ann, were waited upon by gentlemen of titles, as if they had been queen's daughters; of how the aristocratic world of London society thronged his drawing-rooms, when his other daughter, Belinda, married the renowned Count Stickinthemud. And then to hear him descant on the splendid society to be found only in Europe, where dukes, earls, barons, counts and lords are as plentiful as colonels and judges in Old Virginia.

Poor Old Fool. If he had any sense about him he would know that to be a cultivated, patriotic American citizen is a greater honor than nine-tenths of the titles in Europe. As if he did not know that swell society of aristocrats in London is one mass of corruption and conceit from head to foot, a social ulcer, drawing the life out of the honest workmen of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland to maintain its pretensions. To that select circle of statesmen who guide the destinies of Europe; to the pure men and pure women who constitute the best society in the Old World, the Old Fool was never admitted. Snobbing and sycophancy, gold lace and tinsel, spurious lords and bastard counts the Old Fool has mistaken for royalty. There is not a decent man in America who would not kick the whole lot out of his house should he find them in it.

But the Foreign-Travelled Old Fool knows it all now, and no doubt when he reads this, will simply say, "Poor fellow! "He ought to travel as I have done, and then he would know better." Our inability to comply with his advice is mitigated by one reflection, and that is seeing that every average American who goes to Europe comes back a greater fool than he was before he went. We do not care to take the risk.

But as every kind of a fool, as we have repeatedly ob-

served, has his opposite, our next chapter will treat of the one opposed to the Foreign-Travelled specimen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNTRAVELLED OLD FOOL.

Variety in unity and unity in variety constitutes the chief and greatest charm in nature. While no one will mistake a tree for a flower or a plant for a poplar, yet all of them put together furnish one pleasing picture. So it is with the Same Old Fool. No matter what his name may be, he will be found belonging to the universal family. For instance, the Untravelled Old Fool thinks he knows it all, although he has never been over fifty miles from home in his whole life. As the religious bigot never gets beyond the little circle of his own creed, and esteems every one else who does as little short of a heathen or a heretic, so the Untravelled Old Fool has the utmost contempt for "furrin parts." He believes that where the tree-tops intercept the horizon is the end of the world, and hence anything pretending to come from beyond that is an invader of his territory.

He has also the most inveterate prejudices against any one leaving his own section to seek his fortune elsewhere. To prevent this he has invented a most plausible maxim, which is that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Well, he ought to be an authority on the subject of moss, as he generally stays in one place so long that he becomes moss-covered himself. Common sense, however, would seem to suggest that the stone should never cease to roll until it struck a mossy place. Besides that, all useful stones never have any moss on them, so that its presence on stones is like a kink in a pig's tail—more for ornament than use.

That the foregoing is true will appear from the following incident as related by Daniel Webster himself: As is well known, the god-like Daniel first saw the light amid the barren hills of New Hampshire. As soon as he was old enough to know better, he left the State. Years afterwards, when a Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, and when his fame was at its zenith, he concluded to astonish the natives by a visit to his old neighborhood. In order to make their amazement greater, he did not give his real name, but concluded he would find out what they thought of him first. Approaching an old man—one of those Untravelled Old Fools to be found everywhere—and one whom he knew, he asked him if a family by the name of Webster did not once live near him. “Oh, yes,” replied the old man. “Well,” says Daniel, “can you tell me what went with the boys?” “Yes,” says he, “Zekiel turned out monstrous well. He stayed to ‘hum’ and married and was respected by everybody.” “But what about the other children? Did he have another son?” “Oh, yes,” replied the old man. “He had another trifling son by the name of Daniel. He got a notion to travel, and as he has never been *hearn* of since, it’s mor ‘n likely he went out West and was hung for horse-stealing.” After such a colloquy it is needless to add that Daniel did not make himself known.

That the Untravelled Old Fool is as full of conceit and prejudice as a weed is of sap in the spring goes without saying. The mind, like the body, grows by what it feeds upon, and as this Old Fool has never fed his mind on anything except his own conceit, of course it partakes of the nature of the diet on which it is nourished.

The Untravelled Old Fool is utterly oblivious of the

fact that contact with strangers, inspection of customs foreign to our own, and intercourse with the great world, has a tendency to alleviate local prejudices, liberalize the mind, and give us greater toleration for the shortcomings of our own neighbors.

But the Untravelled Old Fool does not believe in the brotherhood of man, and only partially in the fatherhood of God, that august paternity not embracing any one outside of his own community.

But when the Untravelled Old Fool, as is sometimes the case, is forced by stress of circumstances to leave home, when he returns you may expect a marvellous narration of strange adventures. For instance, during the late war one of them, an old colored man, was taken by General Sheridan and carried to City Point. After an imprisonment of about two months he was set at liberty, and he at once returned home. Of course he had a miraculous yarn to tell, and it was soon told. In response to the query of his mistress as to where he had been, he replied: "Miss Nervry, Ise been everywhar. Ise been to City Pint, and I seed men dar from all parts. Why, Miss Nervry, dar was men dar from Spain and Specie too. And would you believe it, I saw great big black niggers sitting down dar *wroting* to ther parrunts jes as natchul as life."

As a matter of course, the Untravelled Old Fool never wants his wife to put her foot out of the yard. He is a great believer in woman's rights, being fully persuaded she has a perfect right to cook, wash, scrub the floor, and when he is short of a hand, to hoe her own row in the corn-field. Is it not a little singular that every Old Fool has such a poor opinion of woman.

Leaving the reader with this intricate conundrum, we will now proceed to the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WORLDLY-WISE OLD FOOL.

Because the Scriptures say that the children of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children Light, some people labor under the mistaken impression that God commends the wisdom of this world, notwithstanding that the Word of God is not at all complimentary to mundane sapience in a half dozen plain passages, The Worldly-Wise Old Fool still thinks he possesses a monopoly of all the knowledge worth having, and that all beyond this horizon of his is the region of pure fools. With him the god-like imagination of a Milton which endows the creation of his fancy with life, beauty and sublimity, the sweep of whose seraphic wings embraces heaven, earth and hell, is unadulterated nonsense. Whether calves should be salted before they are weaned, or potatoes planted on the dark of the moon, possesses far more fascination for the Worldly-Wise Old Fool than all the creations of human genius, however great or noble they may be, however much they may exalt, refine and purify the human heart.

The Worldly-Wise Old Fool is always short-sighted. In politics his motto is "Expediency," and he rolls the "phrase," "practical politics" as a sweet morsel under his tongue. His idea of a statesman, who originates and formulates policies and measures not only for his own, but for future generations is that he is a confirmed crank. In the church it is the same way. He is so carried away by his zeal for numbers, and wealthy members in particular as additions to the sect to which he belongs, that he does not care a bawbee whether they are converted or not. If he is a member of a committee

to call a new pastor he always favors one who can "draw," even though he use the enticing words of man's wisdom to do so instead of relying upon the power of the Holy Ghost.

But if you would hear wisdom fall from his lips sure enough, get him started on the subject of matrimony. He does not believe in love and to hear him tell it, he never knew a so-called love match to turn out well. To hear him talk one would imagine the sole object of matrimony is to make money. He talks of jointures and contracts as much as a lawyer would in a court room. With him the noblest pursuit under heaven is that of gain. Should he attempt to edit a newspaper, instead of trying to improve the morals of the people he devotes the whole of his editorial space advocating "booms" of any description from a bucket factory to a railroad as if the road to heaven was along the line of railway.

But a day is coming in which the Worldly-Wise Old Fool is to be pitied. It is the day of his death. Having spent his whole life scheming, contriving and planning, having all his life been too busy to prepare for death, he is compelled at last to face the grim monster. Of what avail is all his worldly wisdom then? As he hears in his dying moments a voice saying: "Friend, how comest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment," what comfort will it afford him to reflect upon his funeral, his senseless body attended by men of wealth, honor and prominence to its last resting place when he knows his soul is in hell? What consolation will then be afforded the Worldly-Wise Old Fool as he reflects that in yonder world he was a complete success, that his bank account was fat, that his credit was A No. 1, that all the rest of the Worldly-Wise Old Fools regarded him as a king bee, that others praised his worldly

wisdom and sagacity? What consolation will all this afford him in hell? Realizing that he was not wise unto salvation but a fool, with what remorse of conscience must he recall his treatment of men of whom the world was not worthy; men who in order to gain Heaven counted all earthly gain but loss, who looked upon his millions as so many millstones which the Devil hung around his neck to drown him in perdition. How the Worldly-Wise Old Fool laughed at such godly people calling them cranks, visionaries and enthusiasts, while he lay the flattering unction to his own soul that he was all he should be and a little more besides. Poor fool! "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MONEY-LOVING OLD FOOL.

Every civilized nation has not only a system of weights and measures but also a standard of value. And this is not only true of civilized, but even barbarous people have some accepted standard of measurement and valuation. Among the North American Indians what school boy has not read of "wampum," among the Arabs of fine horses, and so of all. But as a nation is only a collection of families living under one government, the rule holds good with these also. All families have their standards of value. Some have theirs in "blood," some in distinctions, while the vast majority place theirs in money. And as a family is only a collection of individuals living under the same roof or at least sharing a common parentage, the rule also holds equally good with the individuals composing them. One child perhaps makes pleasure its standard of value,

and can see nothing valuable beyond that. Another makes "business" his, and contemns everything else, while the third makes money his and will not stop until at last he cannot see anything worth having beyond it. In fact the Money Loving Old Fool in trying to reduce the world to the dimensions of a dollar, so contracts and dries up his own nature that the Devil himself would not give nine pence a quart for such men to kindle his fires with. Any lover of his species who will calmly survey this subject will see that two-thirds of the miseries of the human family flow from this source. Whence come all these law suits in our courts but from Money-Loving Old Fools trying to grab what does not belong to them? Why all these divorce suits but from money-loving young fools, who in order to get money have cast themselves away upon some old doting, decrepit dizzard, half dead with rheumatism or gout, with perhaps but one eye, and that always full of white wax, no hair on the outside of his head and no brains on the inside. Although provided with all the means to matrimony by Nature itself, yet in the absence of money these are not considered means at all. These things are less frequent among the poor than those who pretend to be some body.

It very frequently happens that one of these Money-Loving Old Fools is what is known as a Fortune Hunter, and when such is the case, no heiress in the whole country where he lives need despair, for though she be an old crone without a natural tooth in her mouth, her whole neck a mass of strings, her head in the absence of a wig as innocent of hair as a new-born babe's, yet this Fortune Hunting Old Fool whose stomach is dead to everything else but money will marry her if he can. Sometimes this Fortune Hunting Old Fool, which

is only one branch of the Money-Loving Old Fool, although as poor as a church mouse, utterly destitute of talent and as ugly as sin, has the "cheek" to lay siege to the richest and prettiest young woman in the whole neighborhood. As it is already out of the question for such fellows to pretend love, what inducements they can possibly offer the young lady is a mystery. Unless she thinks, perhaps, she may outlive him and can then erect a monument of brass to his memory, we are at a loss to know for what purpose she consents to marry such as he.

Sometimes the Money-Loving Old Fool is found in the pulpit. When such is the case, if his salary be small, he is under the impression all the time that he mistook his calling. But if on the other hand, he is already making twice as much as far abler men can in secular professions, and the stewards conclude to give him a thousand more, he soars to the Seventh Heaven in an instant. But such instances are rare. As a general rule there are so many Money-Loving Old Fools on the Board of Stewards that they will hardly allow him to pray for an increase much less shout over its acceptance as they keep him so busy scratching around to make "buckle and tongue meet" that he has no time to do so.

But of all the Money-Loving Old Fools in the universe there is none meaner than that parent, man or woman, who will deliberately murder all the happiness of his own children in order to obtain it. There are men in society, yes women in society, who pass for gentlemen and ladies, who sell their daughters as truly as a Circassian does his to the Sultan of Turkey. Collegiate, musical education, lessons in art, everything that has a tendency to liberalize the mind, enabling it to soar above and beyond the sordid things of sense, and

time they freely bestow. But when it comes to that step in life, around which concentrates all her future happiness or woe, she is allowed no voice, and if she refuses to barter her bliss for a mess of filthy lucre she is disinherited. Yes, there are men and women whose names are on the church registers who do this and yet when they die expect to go to Heaven. Of all the fools they are they are the most illustrious. When people become as mean as this, dying (except physically,) is out of the question. *They are dead already.*

But perhaps some Money-Loving Old Fool will conclude that the reasons for this chapter on his tribe is owing to the fact that the "grapes are sour." Allow us then here to state, Oh, Money-Making Old Fool, that while we recognize the necessity of having money, we are yet strangers to the passion of loving it. We would as soon grieve over our old suit of clothes, which has done us good service, and which we lay aside for a new one, as we would over money spent in a good cause. We have many sins to answer for, but the one of loving money can never be laid to our charge. We have envied Demosthenes arraigning Philip of Macedon, Cicero accusing Cataline and Edmund Burke persecuting Warren Hastings, but so help me God, all the wealth of Croesus, the bonds of a Vanderbilt, and the stocks of a Gould have never created within our bosoms even a passing emotion of envy.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PUNCTILIOUS OLD FOOL.

Sturdy if not surly, Samuel Johnson could not bear the sight of a young woman weeping over the demise of a pet canary or lapdog. A man who in the earlier stages of his career shivered in the day time in a London garret and prowled about in the night time poking into ash-heaps in search of bread crusts and potato parings in order to keep soul and body together, might not be expected to give vent to lamentations at the loss of trifles. Indeed, seeing that lapdogs, and canaries especially, had fared much better than himself during the short time of their natural lives, he may have viewed their departure with complacency, if not satisfaction. Indeed a man who has really suffered intensely, while he may be kind to the dumb brutes, never makes pets of them, unless his sufferings have made him a misanthrope, and even then he does so, not because he loves the animal but hates man.

Then again, the same Samuel Johnson, who was a close observer of the moral law, paid but little deference to minor morals, such as correct table etiquette, the limitations of *conges*, bows and nods, whether the hair should be parted in the middle or along the side, and many other mooted and tremendous problems which have agitated light heads and polite society ever since society began.

Of course, then, seeing that so many people are occupied with the study of good manners in society, devoting their whole lives to find out all the proper capers, it is but natural that the Punctilious Old Fool should come forth fully armed as Minerva from the brain of Jove to set all things right. He of course has all the ear-marks

of his tribe. *He knows it all.* He has long since established the point that good manners are better than good morals. That, although some graceless rascal, whose insinuating address, fascinating manner and fashionable finery has proven the ruin of some innocent and unsuspecting maiden, still he is such a nice gentleman that society cannot dispense with him. Such little *gaucheries* as these are of no importance, but should be in a moment of abstraction, or absent-mindedness, inadvertently convey his food to his mouth on the point of his knife, he commits thereby one of the unpardonable sins against society and may henceforth consider himself as a heathen man and publican and an alien to the commonwealth of etiquette.

Again, when the Fashionable Old Fool has instituted some new craze in dress, the Punctilious Old Fool is the first to don it and gauges society by the number who follow suit. And at this present time woe be to the luckless wight, ambitious of social honors, who fails to appear in "yaller" alligator shoes and a silk belly-band. He might as well throw up the sponge at once and acknowledge himself whipped, for the social referee—the Punctilious Old Fool—will not even allow him the empty honor of calling it a "draw."

In all matters pertaining to that grade of society in which the Punctilious Old Fool is found, he is a complete success, although a failure everywhere else. The reasons for such success are easily found. It does not require brains but nerve to be a leader in society, and he or she who has nerve enough to be the first who shall adopt some absurd or even immodest style of dress is, of course, the leader, and as the greatest fool goes first all the other fools follow, and when the last fool enters the social stockyard, the gate is shut and all that poor out-

siders can do is to climb the fence and look at the menagerie that way.

But in many departments of life, requiring brains and energy and courage, the Punctilious Old Fool is a complete failure. In war he is a martinet. Old Wurmsser, when beaten by Napoleon in Italy, complained that the latter violated all the rules of war in order to do so. The Virginia Buckskin won all the honors as the Punctilious British general lost them at Braddock's defeat. The Punctilious Old Fool of a politician has his scruples about the passage of a bill, which nine-tenths of the people demand, and is laid on the shelf on account of his scruples. The Punctilious Old Fool of honor has caused the death of brave men by insisting upon some trifling point, whose lives were worth more to the world than all the lives of all the Punctilious Old Fools who ever lived since the world began.

In literature the Punctilious Old Fools is so precise that he will leave nothing to be imagined, and hence would destroy all the charm of poetry, the magic of eloquence and the delight of history. At the dinner table he is such a terror that the meal is eaten by his family in fear and trembling and by his guests (if he have any) with heaviness of heart. In short he is a nuisance of the worst possible description. We will leave him for the present but will return to him again later on.

CHAPTER X.

THE OPTIMISTIC OLD FOOL.

Of course, as might have been expected, seeing the condition of society, the Same Old Fool would be on hand to either mend it or mar it, according to his own peculiar notions. Now, it is manifest to every right-minded person that society, or humanity rather, is far from an ideal state of happiness, and a great many very wise persons are under the impression that the case will never be otherwise while human nature continues the same. There are others, however, of a different opinion, and among them is the Optimistic Old Fool. The first account we have of this species of the universal *genus* is in the Old Testament. There he appeared before kings and princes as a prophet, and it was his characteristic then as to-day, to prophesy good things altogether, which of course proved the reverse. There were some mitigating circumstances, however, connected with this ancient humbug, which his modern cousin escapes. The old one very often paid the forfeit of his life for lying, whereas, in modern times, owing to freedom of speech, which is tantamount to liberty of lying, he may prognosticate good tidings the livelong day, and the only loss of life for so doing will be your own, if you cannot make your escape from him.

But the Optimistic Old Fool, as a talker, is not a circumstance compared to what he is as an author. There he comes forth like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, fully armed with theories for the extirpation of evil, and the consequent advent of the millenium. Not one of the whole tribe, as far as I have read, believes in the efficacy of revelation to effect this, but nearly all of them

believe in the perfectibility of human nature unassisted by the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Plato first set the ball in motion over 2,000 years ago by the publication of his Ideal Republic, and from that day to this there has regularly appeared a successor in the same line. Sir Thomas Moore, with his Utopia, the Grand Model of John Locke, and last, but not least, Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy. The means of attaining the result were different, but the end was the same. But "Looking Backward" is only the culmination of the Puritanic idea of his own section, and from which it seems impossible to divert the New England intellect. The Cromwellian idea of remedying one evil by the commission of a thousand others, before which the original one complained of, sinks into utter insignificance, still dominates the descendants of Plymouth Rock. A State decree for the elimination of any evil, great or small, is their dominant idea. The paternal idea of government, as outlined in Bellamy's book, need not wait until the year 2000 in order to witness its workings. The history of the past forty years has fully proven its absurdity. It was taught by the earlier abolitionists that slavery was the sum of all villainies, and when that was removed, the North and South would live like brothers. It was removed, and they live less like brothers than they did before. Mr. Bellamy's section has dictated the legislation of the United States ever since the war. Behold the result. Sectionalism and anarchism are rampant. Forces unheard of in America before threaten the life of the government. The industrial revolution of Bellamy would excite as much violent opposition as the autocracy of Reed.

No, Mr. Bellamy, the evils of society do not spring from political and social institutions, but from a corrupt

heart. And as soon as you and Joseph Cook, who pretends to criticise your book, and Robert G. Ingersoll, who approves it, realize that fact, the better for you all. Oh, no. All your inventions for multiplying creature comforts do not better human nature at all; if anything, they make men worse by the increase of idleness, for an idle man's brain will be as much the Devil's work-shop in the year 2000 as it is to-day. The grace of God alone in any human heart could make "Looking Backward" possible in the year you name or at any other time.

But perhaps some Optimistic Old Fool will say, "Surely this is a better age than the one preceding." Certainly. But why so? Is it because we have telegraph, railways, telephones, electric lights, and the thousand and one methods of alleviating physical discomforts? Do these things change human nature and make it better? If so, railway men, telegraph operators and telephone men should be angels. Are they? If the railway affects the moral nature of man, what is the meaning of a Sunday train? On, no. That hypothesis will not answer. "Well, but," says the Optimistic Old Fool, "you cannot deny that there is no such thing as persecution for opinion's sake, no burning at the stake and no inquisition." Certainly this is so; and to what are we indebted for all this? To material progress? Certainly not. What then? To the fact of the better understanding of the Word of God; to the prevalence of Christian principles and bettes laws in consequence of such knowledge. This is the whole and only explanation, not that human nature of itself has undergone any change. Men who do not acknowledge Christ, curse, violate the Sabbath, commit adultery, theft and murder as they always did, in spite of all the Optimistic Old Fools in existence, and will continue to do so until

the end of time, under the same conditions.

But if ever, at any time, the whole world should embrace Christianity and live up to its teachings, which will never be, then indeed such books as "Looking Backward" would come within the realm of possibilities.

But as long as human nature continues the same, all the creature comforts and appliances that could be piled up to Heaven, all the State enactments that could be written from now until doom's day will never affect it.

But with all his faults, which chiefly concern his head, and not his heart, we much prefer the Optimistic Old Fool to the one which is the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PESSIMISTIC OLD FOOL.

The connection between a torpid liver and sour godliness like that between mind and matter is one of the unsolved problems of physical science. That they are united and that closely, does not admit of a doubt. In fact the serious aspect of true piety bears such a striking resemblance to its counterfeit presentment—sour godliness—that it would puzzle the wisest and most observant physiognomist to detect the difference in facial expression that characterizes each. The only way is this, that whereas the truly pious man mourns over his own depravity, the sour godly man, while confident of his own uprightness, laments the wickedness of others. And the same rule will apply to all torpid livers whether in the church or out of it. Those bilious old cranks would feel insulted if you mildly suggested at the close of one of their outbursts against the degeneracy of modern times that a few bottles of Simmon's Liver

Regulator would improve the aspect of things, and would at once set you down as a heathen man and a publican of the deepest dye. Some good-natured men, however, say you should make allowance for a man with a disordered liver. Inasmuch as drug stores and physicians abound, and as the latter especially pride themselves on their ability to cure all disorders of the liver, they are without excuse in our humble opinion. Just to think that a small doctor's bill would save mankind from such a terrible infliction as one of these Pessimistic Old Fools and that he will not incur it, contending all the time that his soul is spotless; that the wickedness of other men causes him to inveigh as he does. It is too bad. We almost feel like going back to the "good old days" that he is so fond of talking about, when it would have been allowable to have bled him to death without judge or jury.

The Pessimistic Old Fool generally selects a rainy day to call upon you. The gloom without, the lowering clouds, all Nature in mourning as it were, is just suited to his genius. The down-pour of rain prevents your escape. He has you in his grip. If you broach the subject of the weather you might as well set back and prepare for the infliction that is to follow for he never stops short of the prediction of a great flood which will destroy all the lowland crops and wash all the bridges away, but continues to inveigh against the climate of his own country until a stranger, if present, would imagine he was in Patagonia instead of being in one of the most highly favored countries on earth.

Having at last exhausted the weather, which constitutes his opening remarks, as the reporter would say, he is now ready for business. and before he leaves, which is generally late in the evening, he has damned everything

in existence except himself, more worthy nine times out of ten than any thing he has touched upon during the whole day. During the delivery of this infliction perhaps the laughter of fun-loving children may be heard in the next room and the music of their happy voices makes you feel as if you were in perdition itself by contrast.

If one of these Pessimistic Old Fools could only be relegated to "the good old times" of which he is so enamoured and be threatened with the stake for expressing his opinions so freely, and then brought back to the present and have his liver thoroughly regulated, perhaps his ideas would flow in another channel. Or, if he were compelled to ride in the dead of winter from Richmond to New York in a stick gig through snow and wind, and could exchange it as he can now for a Pullman Palace Car, provided with every comfort, perhaps he might thank his stars that he lived in the nineteenth century. I say, perhaps, for there are some such incorrigible old fools that nothing but hard times and sorrowful subjects give them any delight in conversation.

But enough of the Pessimistic Old Fool. His very idea dries up all the sources of inspiration, and we leave him where he always will be—bringing up the rear—cursing his luck, not that he cannot keep up with the procession, but that he is even compelled to follow it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SELF-MADE MAN OF AN OLD FOOL.

In a former chapter of this veracious chronicle, we took occasion, in describing the Newly-Rich Old Fool, to say that he always lays especial emphasis on the fact that he is “a self-made man.” This, of course, has reference to himself and not his money, to hear him tell it. But any man with three grains of sense in his cranium perceives in a two-minutes’ conversation with the old goose, that but for his money he could never rightfully claim anything except that he was a ninny, and we do not believe that even a defeated politician would deny this claim to be fully borne out by the returns.

But every man has his audience, and the Self-Made Man of an Old Fool has his. As every claim in the world, however absurd, has some one to put it forth, so in like manner he will always find some other Old Fool to allow this as genuine. Even down to the youngest juvenile going this is so. Let one of these

Precious youths from Heaven sent,
Perpetual motion to invent,
Or make another president,

but tell one of his marvellous yarns as to the great number of big dogs his little bob-tailed fice has whipped, and another in the person of little Tom, Dick, or Harry will confirm it in every particular, even down to making out that he “seed it hisself.” Just so when the Self-Made Old Fool claims that unaided he has done this, that or the other great thing, there is always another Old Fool ready to confirm every word of it. It is the natural tendency of human nature to exaggerate, and to

claim everything after the fact. Take the case of a genius, for instance. At the first exhibition of his powers every common-sense Old Fool in his neighborhood will whisper it around the fireside that the boy has either gone daft, or will turn out bad. But when he succeeds—becomes famous and wins the applause of a wondering world, how proud they are to let the public know that they were the very first to detect his genius. They did nothing of the kind. They opposed him—nay, worse, they poured contumely upon him, they laughed at him.

The child of genius, when unknown,
In asking bread receives a stone,
And yet the world in fame complete
Will pour its honors at his feet.

Now the Self-Made Old Fool never thinks of this, and hence believes all that his flatterers tell him. In consequence his vanity becomes so abnormal that he tells every person whom he meets that he is a self-made man. We have in our day and time met thousands of just such Old Fools, and we always have wondered that not one had modesty enough to at least keep his mouth shut, for any man with ordinary powers of observation can spot a Self-Made Man of an Old Fool without his saying a solitary word. There is a self-importance and sufficiency about them that points them out as Self-Made Old Fools as unerringly as the needle points to the pole.

We were puzzled until we read Rabelais, to know upon what diet the Self-Made Old Fool subsisted. That immense genius gratified our curiosity by a description of a certain island whose inhabitants *lived upon the wind*. A stranger passing through this wonderful island, and being an hungered, went to an inn to get his dinner. To his surprise there was not a dish to be seen upon the

table, and yet it was surrounded with guests. Pretty soon one of them gave his order, which was to the following effect: "Waiter, bring me some northeast," upon which the servant pulled a string attached to a fan on the northeast corner of the table, the guest inserted a funnel in his mouth, and was pumped full of his airy dish. Others called for southeast, northwest, and in fact every point of the compass was utilized according to the appetite of each guest.

The Self-Made Old Fool lives in the same way. It is true he generally has a plenty of victuals to eat, but he *lives*, you understand, upon the wind of flattery, and that he never suffers from the colic of self-conceit is proof positive that his digestive apparatus is so perfect that if you were to call him a Solomon he would manage to assimilate it.

But seriously. There is no such thing on God's green earth as a self-made man. There are men, it is true, who, by taking advantages of opportunities, achieve wonderful results. There are other men who, in the absence of opportunity, do wonders. But no man, unendowed by his Creator with brains to start with, ever did anything out of the common. And what is more to the purpose, he *never* will. Hence all this talk about self-made men is all bosh and stuff o' nonsense. But the term "self-made" is hardly ever used except in reference to somebody who has acquired money, and it requires no extraordinary sense to do that. In fact, the brainier men of all ages have generally been poor, while it is equally true that as a rule wealthy men leave nothing to show they ever existed except their property, and they would not leave that if they could carry it away.

The moral. Do the best you can, and never for one moment be led astray with such nonsense as we have

pointed out. Self-made men! Fiddle-sticks! Every one is the creature of circumstances. Your man of genius, travelling tracks before unknown, opening new vistas for the human mind, cracking the skull of common sense with his mighty idea, is acted upon himself by unseen forces. The poor hod-carrier, bearing his burden of brick, and singing as he goes, fulfills the law of his being, and is as much of a self-made man in his way as any one else in theirs. Do not be a fool. If Cincinatus had done nothing else but guide the plough, you would have never heard of him. Every ploughman is not a Cincinatus. Neither is every Cincinatus a ploughman. Don't forget that.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FASHIONABLE OLD FOOL.

This species of Old Fool, like all the rest of his brethren, is of ancient lineage. While those already enumerated knew it all in their respective spheres, he "fills the bill" in his. When he lives in the country, which is seldom the case since the extinction of slavery, he can only contrive to hang on to the fag end of the procession of fools. He occasionally takes an airing, but most frequently he shuts himself up in his house like the Mikado of Japan or the Grand Typhoon, being evidently under the impression that if he shows himself in public he will become too common. He is not out in this calculation for it is very probable that should he show himself too frequently, the edge of his gentility would be dulled. Unlike his city brother, he does not consult the tailor so often, and in consequence catches on to the latest "agony" in dress just as another is coming in.

This always gives him an *outré*, not to say bizarre appearance among his fellows. They all, however, give him the right hand of fellowship and invite him and his to all their select gatherings, where Charles Augustus, redolent of cologne, clad in faultless attire with his hair done up a la mode, may be seen, and where Miss Dashabout, as beautiful as Venus and nearly as naked, may be found. Having sniffed the delectable atmosphere of swell society until near day break, he departs to recuperate for the next round of genteel dissipation. And so he lives from one year's end to another only varying the monotony by a trip to some summer resort to repair his anatomy for the next season's gayety. Well, every man to his humor, as the play goes.

But would you see the Fashionable Old Fool in all his glory you must go to the city, for there he blooms out in full perfection. But he enacts a curious *role* and far otherwise than that of his country cousin. He realizes that butchers and grocers have no respect for persons, and so in order to prevent their plebeian feet from soiling his carpets he toils like a slave at his counting room all day in order to defray expenses. He leads a sort of Jekyll and Hyde life. On the market he contends for a reduction of the last fraction of a cent in the cost of a beefsteak. He damns the butcher, berates the tailor, and would in a business transaction "skin a flea for his hide and tallow." Later he is at home—a beautiful one—situated in the very heart of the *creme de la creme*. Rich lace curtains adorn the windows, costly carpets cover the floors. A piano costing \$2,000 stands in the parlor, at which a dainty young creature too too sweet and ethereal for this world, and yet his daughter nevertheless, is sitting, and as her beautiful fingers evoke some soul-stirring chords, she breaks forth into

that enchanting strain "Home sweet home, be it ever so lowly, there's no place like home." Pretty soon guests begin to arrive. Carriages roll up in front of the door, and out of their sides pour the swells and belles of the fashionable world. The whole building is ablaze with light. Soon is heard the sound of music and the rhythmic clatter of merry feet as gay couple after gay couple prepare to go whirling through the mazes of the dance. Then comes a lull. A few moments afterwards and the whole room echoes to the lascivious melody of the German, or the voluptuous strains of the waltz. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." "No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet." Of course not. That is why they meet. At midnight perhaps, the supper is spread costly, inviting and rare. Gotten up regardless. No splendid poverty here. No counting of noses there. That was done beforehand. "Birds of a feather flock together."

Here may be seen the effete civilization of the modern world running to waste. Here the young dude with a pair of gold rimmed spectacles astride his nose may be seen simpering and twanging his little nonsense into the ear of the banker's daughter—that sweet ethereal creature, too frail and delicate for this mean and every day world. Mrs. Cashier, ablaze with jewels, is chaperoning the gay throng. But where is the banker? He has disappeared. "Indisposed and tired," say the family. The party at last worn out, breaks up at a late hour—an hour when most christian people are awakened by Chanticleer's muffled crow. When the revellers awake the sun is high in the heavens. But alas, that "on night so sweet such awful morn should rise." There is an ominous sound in the street. They open the blinds. They see an immense crowd in front of the

National Bank. The newsboys are howling in the streets at the top of their voices, "Here's your *Daily Echo* with an account of the Great Bank Robbery." They purchase the paper and the following startling head-lines as a prelude to what follows, makes their blood run cold:

**"STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT—THE NATIONAL
BANK ROBBED—FLIGHT OF THE CASHIER."**

"Our whole city was thrown into the wildest state of excitement this morning by the terrible discovery that the National Bank had been robbed by the cashier, Mr. "Howling" Swell. The exact amount of Mr. Swell's embezzlement has not yet been determined, but it will reach fully \$100,000. Until yesterday evening not a breath of suspicion had ever been uttered in regard to Mr. Swell, but it having been observed for several days past that he seemed to be unusually reticent, which was quite contrary to his wont, a meeting of the president and directors was held in the bank and an inspection made, when to their consternation the board discovered the crookedness of the cashier. It was resolved to keep this a secret until this morning and confront the guilty officer with his crime, but by some means he found out what was going on and is now doubtless on his way to Canada.

"Previous to this discovery no man stood higher in the community than Mr. Swell. He occupied the highest social position and his family were leaders in our most fashionable society, and no longer than last evening one of the most select gatherings in the city was held at his house."

Poor Old Fool, to lose character, honesty and true social position. And for what? To please other fools

like himself, to keep in and up with a select lot of simple idiots, who constitute the greater portion of the brainless "upper ten," the "top of the pot," the effervescence, the scum which all sensible people know to be utterly worthless. An aggreggregation of parvenus, lick-spittles and sycophants, who despairing of any meritorious fame, seek the cheap notoriety that is the twin product of conceit and exclusiveness—a lot of social pariahs, claiming the divine right to snub well born and well bred people simply because they are poor. Loose in living, lax in morals, living on the suburbs of Hell, and yet self-constituted arbiters of elegance. With all their brains in their feet, all their hearts in their pocket-books and all their souls—they haven't got any.

Sad substitute indeed for that peerless society of by gone days in which every honest man was a gentleman and every virtuous woman was a lady. Phew! The Fashionable Old Fool of to-day is disgusting.

Strange as it may seem this same Old Fool is sometimes seen in the person of a fashionable young lady. This tender specimen is not only the first to follow the latest agony in dress, but always contrives to go a bow-shot beyond it. She uses slang so frequently you would conclude she took a diploma in the school where it is taught. She smokes cigarettes, and cuts up so many capers before high heaven as makes the angels weep. And yet she imagines her high social position, the distinction of her family, and her wealth will permit her to do all these things and still be considered a fine young lady. Her idea of fineness is so thin that no sensible person could see it through a microscope that magnified 600 times. Of all the fools young or old to be met within society so-called, she is the most illustrious. Compared to her, that other little social green

horn who throws herself away on some drunken wretch in order to reclaim him, is an angel. Both of them, however, know it all. The first regards her mother—unless she is an Old Fool also—as an antiquated fossil of the pre-social age, while the latter looks upon hers as entirely too mercenary to advise such a romantic piece of humanity as her daughter.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CURIOUS OLD FOOL.

Curiosity is said to be the mother of knowledge, and there can be no objection to this phrase being used as an incentive to non-studious children, when it is explained at the same time that there is a curiosity that is laudable, but another just the reverse. There are thousands of things in this world like the Irishman's horse, which he said had but two faults. These were, firstly, he was hard to catch, and secondly, he was of no account when caught. A great majority of people, especially when young, are over-curious, but as they advance in life they learn better, and seek to know only what is allowable, comprehensive and useful. But the Curious Old Fool must know it all. He is a little more modest than the rest of his brethren, however, for while they know it all, he wants to know it, and will leave no stone unturned to accomplish his end. Although we are told in Holy Writ that the plan of salvation is so plain that a fool need not err therein, yet since he is not one of the fools, when his pastor calls he opens his battery of questions upon the preacher concerning the Trinity, the resurrection, election, predestination, reprobation, how many to be saved, how many to be damned, and worries the poor

man so that he wishes the Curious Old Fool were either saved or damned already, in order that he might be rid of him. His industry, while prodigious, amounts to nothing. If he studied philosophy, instead of discarding the chaff in order to retain the wheat, he must have both. If he study chemistry and learn everything that may be useful, he is perfectly miserable because he cannot discover the philosopher's stone. If he study mechanics, instead of contenting himself with useful machinery, he wears himself and everybody else out trying to invent perpetual motion.

The Curious Old Fool met Paul on his arrival at Athens and plied him with questions. He went to hear some new thing and to tell it. But when the apostle told him something useful he would not hear to it.

The Curious Old Fool will sell his own land and spend all the money seeing other people's.

When the Curious Old Fool appears in a female form, which is often the case, she is unbearable. When you dine away from home she must know every dish your neighbor put upon the table. If she stays away from church she must know how every lady in the whole congregation was dressed. If she has a husband, she frequently wonders if any other poor woman has one as sorry as hers—as stupid, dull and listless, and all because her own is pulling his beard and wondering how in the name of common sense he will be able to pay that store account run up by his wife last month. If her children talk, she wonders if Mrs. So-and-So's children are as bad as hers. If Mrs. Smith has a new hat, she will walk three miles in summer's heat or winter's cold to see it. But we might go on until doom's day and the half would not be told. Hence an end to the Curious Old Fool.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OFFICIOUS OLD FOOL.

The list of Old Fools to be met with in society would not be complete without an account of the greatest one to be seen there. And so before closing this branch of the subject we will endeavor to the best of our ability to smoke him out, and if possible bring the "old coon" down. We confess, however, to some misgivings on the subject, as many, more capable than ourselves, have essayed the same task and failed.

This Old Fool is the most universally despised of the whole tribe. The reason of this is quite plain. In him the distinguishing trait of the Same Old Fool is especially exemplified. He not only knows it all, but even goes a bow-shot beyond the rest of his asinine tribe, and knows how to do it all.

If a carpenter is building a house he is always on hand, and, although he has never worked an hour at the trade in his life, he feels fully competent to give instructions not only to the workmen, but the head carpenter himself. Should that benighted functionary disregard his advice and fail to build the house according to his idea, the Officious Old Fool will say, "It was all owing to his not taking my advice." And should the carpenter, on the other hand, succeed, the Officious Old Fool will claim all the credit by saying, "He stole my idea at last."

But where the joke comes in with most telling effect is when some great enterprise, requiring talent of far more than ordinary nature, such as the construction of a suspension bridge, mapping out the plan of a military campaign, the conduct of a navy. Ordinary mortals would be appalled if called upon to give advice even

concerning such gigantic undertakings. Not so with the Officious Old Fool. He knows all about the bridge business, although he never built one. He knows more about military affairs than Caesar or Napoleon ever dreamed of, while as to a navy he takes as naturally to that as a duck does to water. But while in his native element in affairs of great pith and moment, he is equally at home in minor matters. He can pick a chicken better than the cook, and bake better bread, although the only evidence to that effect is his own declaration. In fact, we would not swear to it that he has ever conceded that he could not throw a rock like a woman.

In the social circle he is equally immense. He can tell a joke so much better than anyone else, that he makes a point to interrupt anyone else who tries, in order to give the correct version. In argument he is so invincible that all who know him yield the point without a murmur, leaving raw and inexperienced strangers to tussle with him. Lastly, he knows how to run a hotel. It has been said a little conceit is allowable, a little more is insufferable, but to be filled with it from head to heel until the person in whom it reigns becomes pop-eyed, is perfectly sublime.

The Officious Old Fool cannot be spared just yet. He is the subject of more practical jokes and affords more fun to the "boys" than any other one source in creation, even if we do despise him. There is nothing so pleasurable as making a man the dupe of his own conceit. On one occasion one of these smart Alecks was seen approaching a group of men sitting in a porch facing an orchard. Knowing his style, the owner of the orchard sang out, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Aleck. I have just asked every gentleman present why that particular tree (at the same time pointing it out) has no apples on it,

while every other one near it is loaded. Can you tell me why?" "Just wait a minute," said Aleck, as he lifted himself over the fence, "and I will tell you." Returning in a few minutes he exhibited a piece of the apple tree covered with black spots. "There's the cause," replied he, pointing to the spots. "Wrong," says the owner, "that tree was loaded with apples like the rest, but I gathered them yesterday."

Sometimes the Officious Old Fool takes it into his head to study medicine, and when he does, woe be to the rest of the fraternity. Every man who dies in the whole community while in the care of another physician, was wrongly treated, and might have been saved had he been called in. Sometimes, nay, oftentimes, the Officious Old Fool is seen in the person of a mid-wife, and gives the physician in charge "a piece of her mind," and the whole cloth of her tongue. Horses have flies and dogs have fleas to sting them and bite, and so is the Officious Old Fool, whether in the form of a man or woman, compelled to endure the slings and arrows of this walking and palpitating nuisance.

As the fly and the flea, the cockroach and the black gnat, no doubt have their uses, so has the Officious Old Fool. But what it is God only knows.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SENSITIVE OLD FOOL.

The Science of Botany has a rare fascination for a certain class of minds, and of those who won world-wide fame in its pursuit was Linnaeus. His classification of plants was simply wonderful. But it is not so much with the science of botany we wish to deal in this chapter as it is to call attention to the fact that there are certain resemblances between some plants and members of the human family. For instance, there is the Sensitive plant, which, upon a mere touch will close its petals and remain so until the dews of evening begin to fall. And this foolish little green thing always recalls to the mind another something equally as green in the human family. We refer of course to the Sensitive Old Fool. It does not matter whether this specimen be male or female, you feel as if you were handling dynamite all the time you are talking to them. Why, if you try to make yourself pleasant by telling a joke, he (and especially she) will begin to grow red in the face and believe for all the world the point of the jest was aimed entirely at them, and wind up by refusing to say another word the rest of the evening. Again, if some one distinguishes himself, and you allude to it in terms deservedly flattering, the Sensitive Old Fool will consider all you have said as a reflection on himself. If the Sensitive Old Fool is a young woman who has some reputation for beauty, woe to that man who praises another's charms. She will get as mad as a hornet and "cut" him dead the next time she meets him in the company of others. The Sensitive Old Fool is very often a literary person, and should some article of his be rejected by

a magazine or review because it is of no possible interest to any one except himself, he becomes as inconsolable as a woman of forty when her last old beau goes off and marries some one else, and vows the whole literary world is a conspiracy against him. Now the truth of the whole matter is just simply this. The Sensitive Old Fool like all the rest of his tribe imagines that he knows it all and that he is perfection itself, and anything that crosses that cherished conviction of his wounds him to the quick. See!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OLD FOOL.

Beware of the man who has too much conscience or you will rue the day you formed his acquaintance. We would as soon trust the honesty of a man whose favorite method of beginning any conversation is "Now, to be perfectly honest with you," as we would the other. When we ask him to assist us in something which better men than he practice all their lives, and the old rascal refuses to do so for some hidden, selfish reason, and yet tries to cover up his meanness by saying: "I would gladly do so but for conscientious reasons." Conscience! fiddlesticks. He never knows he has any until the Devil is about to seize him.

But seriously, the harm the Conscientious Old Fool has done in this world is fearful to contemplate. Look at the long line of martyrs burnt at the stake. Look at the deluge of blood it has caused. Look at the massacre of St. Bertholomew, the trail of the Duke of Alva and see. Of all the Old Fools the Conscientious is the most dangerous and the most dreadful. Such a senti-

ment as pity is utterly unknown to him. You might as well appeal to the mercy of a Bengal tiger as to such as he, where that conscience of his is involved. In short, nothing in this world is better than an enlightened conscience, and nothing is worse than an unenlightened one, and to this latter category the Conscientious Old Fool belongs. Beware of all such.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE MECHANICAL OLD FOOL.

As might be inferred such a large and intelligent body of American artisans would not escape such an infliction as the Same Old Fool. Nor do they. He is there in full force. He generally manifests his early genius by the invention of a rat-trap or a wind-mill, and his destiny is assured. The whole family unite in praises of his great mechanical *genus*, and by the time he is fourteen years old he is a confirmed crank. Instead of seeking to add improvements to some machines already in existence, or inventing a new one which would be of some practical use to the world, his whole soul is bent upon inventing something which every other Mechanical Old Fool has been tinkering over ever since the world began, and failed. As a general thing perpetual motion is his main hobby, as it has been from time immemorial of all the rest of his tribe. To this subject he devotes days and nights to develope his idea, and then goes to work to construct a model. This proving a failure, he lays it aside, and again goes a setting to hatch out another idea with the same result. It wont work. And so it goes on from year to year until his whole house is so filled with gim-cracks and models that it would be dangerous to walk across the floor in the dark, for just as like as not you would stumble over a model and crack your skull in doing so.

Meanwhile his family (if he is so lucky as to have one) must work like galley slaves to keep him and themselves

from going to the poor-house. If the efforts of the old goose were not so ridiculous his patience would be sublime. By the time that unfortunate creature—his wife—has lived with him five or six years, she is completely cured of the hallucination that her husband is anything but an Old Fool, and “makes no bones” of telling him so. Such little trifles as these, however, do not deter him in the least. It only confirms him in an opinion he has long maintained, and which for prudential reasons he has kept secret, “that women have very little sense anyhow.” Such a trifle as an empty meal-tub, which is the normal state of his household, never troubles him in the least, and although the good old-fashioned gate to his yard is off its hinges, and the cows are devouring his wife’s flowers and the pigs rooting up his yard, still it is beneath the notice of a great inventor, such as he, to pay the least attention to such minor matters. As a general thing he is very illiterate, as he has no time to devote to such a frivolity as education. In fact, in most cases he has a contempt for a fellow with “*book larnin.*” In his personal habits he discards the idea, or perhaps never thought of it, that cleanliness is next to godliness. It may be even doubted whether he even knew there were two such words in the dictionary. As a result of this his face and hands would generally furnish a capital sign for a real estate agency.

As to advising him, if you should insinuate that he had mistaken his talents, he would set you down as a confirmed idiot, or his very worst enemy. He knows it all. Of course he does. And so he goes on from year to year, pegging away at perpetual motion, until at last he pegs out himself, and leaves the job to his successor, the next Mechanical Old Fool.

Some years ago there lived in one of the counties of

Piedmont Virginia one of these old cranks, who had set his mind upon inventing a flying-machine, which he termed *artis avis*—bird of art. He devoted years to it, spending thousands of dollars experimenting upon it. Meanwhile the war broke out, and a grand idea seized the poor old man. He conceived the plan of attaching a bomb-basket to it, and proposed to clean out the Yankees by dropping shells upon them from the sky. In order to carry his idea into practical operation, he visited the Confederate army around Richmond, and made speeches to the soldiers in behalf of his invention, which was as follows: Having perfected his machine, he would sail over Dutch Gap, and dropping a bomb or two from the sky, would knock Ben Butler into the middle of next week. Having done this, he would set his valves and compound blow-pipes to work and sail over to Wilmington, raise the blockade there, ditto Charleston. Then, pluming his wings for a still longer flight, he would navigate the air until he stood over New Orleans. This would be his *grand coup*. Having knocked Farragutt and his whole fleet clear out of the water, and freed the Crescent City, he would strike a bee-line for Richmond, where he would hold a grand pyrotechnic display in honor of this victory and the achievement of Confederate independence. In order to do this, he would load his bomb-basket with sky-rockets, and shoot them downward instead of upward. Poor old fellow. The Confederacy "went up" and the rockets never came down. The last we ever heard of him was to the effect that having constructed his machine, he built a high scaffold, flew off, struck the ground and nearly killed himself. He made no further efforts after this.

We have in mind another even more ridiculous still. An old crank of an inventor, whom we will call "Uncle

Joe," had conceived a plan for raising "horses and cattle on the lift." This machine consisted of a long beam, say sixty feet long, supported at one end by two forks and through which it projected sufficiently to allow a rope to be fastened to it, the ends of which were to encircle the fallen animal and be tied securely. The power, of course, was applied at the other end of the lever by bearing it down.

Well, on one occasion one of his oxen was on the sick-list and unable to rise. It was in vain that the old man's family tried to dissuade him from experimenting with the sick steer. But nothing else would do, and so, having procured a blanket instead of a rope, it was passed around the body of the animal and fastened to the end of the pole. Then "Uncle Joe," a stout negro man and the writer, a mere boy, lay hold of the lever. They pulled away with all of their might, raised the steer from the ground, and just as they had him swinging between heaven and earth one of the forks gave way. Down went the steer, up flew the pole, and the whole crowd rushed pell mell from the scene for fear of having their skulls cracked by the fall of the pole. As to the poor old ox, what little breath he had in him before was knocked out of him then and there. This was "Uncle Joe's" last. And this is the last we shall say concerning the Mechanical Old Fool.

CHAPTER II.

THE AGRICULTURAL OLD FOOL.

There are certain plants indigenous to one soil, certain animals to one clime, but the Same Old Fool is neither cribbed, cabined nor confined within such limitations. No pent-up Utica confines his powers. At home and abroad, at sea and on land, in the blacksmith's dusky shop, in the elegant studio of the artist, in the hovel of the poor and in the palace of the rich he is equally at home.

This being the case it follows, as a matter of course, that such a great body as the agriculturists of our country cannot escape the poetry of his presence. The Agricultural Old Fool is found in every neighborhood. He is a regular contributor to some weekly newspaper, and the caption of his article is generally, "Why farming does not pay." He gives various reasons for such a state of things, all of which are plausible enough, but if the reader wishes to know why it does not pay in his case he should pay him a visit. He will generally find him too lazy to work, and *as farming is work* the whole thing is explained at once. If you tell him as much, he will set you down at once as a consummate ass, belonging to that ignoble herd who eat breakfast before sun up and supper after dark. In his opinion brain work is what makes farming pay, not industry, economy and good management, and as he has the brains he ought to know. We have seen several of these gentry in our day and time, and we have never known one who would not have landed in the poor-house but for the labor and capital of others.

Like all the rest of the Old Fools the Agricultural has a poor opinion of his fellow mortals engaged in the

same business as himself. Presuming upon this ignorance he sometimes gets at the head of any organization they may have and dictates policies for them which if pursued would prove ruinous to them, but which in the end feathers his own nest. But as a general rule the Agricultural Old Fool is the greatest nuisance going. He prides himself on doing his own thinking, and although this is all he does, his thought crop never yields an idea worth having to an acre of foolscap. He is a great theorizer, (you never saw an Old Fool who wasn't) and if there be one supremely blissful moment in his whole existence it is when he can find some one silly enough to act in accordance with his ideas. Nothing on earth will convince him of his error. Although his corn crib is burglar-proof from lack of temptation and his stock so lean that they hardly cast a shadow, and although his prosperous neighbor, Mr. A, who never theorized an hour in his life, makes tobacco that sells for forty cents a pound, and although his own wife, contending with an empty meal tub and a meatless smoke house two-thirds of her time, has again and again informed him that he is the most good-for-nothing man in the whole neighborhood, he is unmoved. The only thing he designs to answer is that "woman should keep in her speer."

Oh, yes. We have seen the poor old fellow with a pair of pants on that had been patched so often by his wife that it would puzzle a tailor to decide as to the original color and texture of the cloth, still theorizing. We have seen him theorizing as to the best way to keep rats out of his corn house, when it had not held an ear of corn for six months. But singular to say, we never yet saw one theorize so as to keep his wife from doing all the work on the place. Like all the rest of the Old

Fools he has a poor opinion of woman, especially of his wife. And this, by the way, is the only good piece of property he has, and the only one he despises.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEDICAL OLD FOOL.

Of all the practical sciences that of medicine affords the widest field for the Same Old Fool to exercise his peculiar functions. It is very complicated to begin with, and this of itself is a tremendous weapon in his hands. Secondly, the gullibility of mankind is just in his line. They know nothing of the composition of their own bodies, and as to the best manner of its preservation they are even behind the beasts of the field. Take the stomach for instance. One-half, yes, two-thirds of mankind think the only office of that important organ is to receive food. As to assimilation and digestion, they do not even know there are such words in the dictionary, much less their meaning. Gluttony kills more than the sword. And yet the world is run mad on eating and drinking. The ghost of Lucullus is still walking. Costly banquets are all the rage. A cook in ancient times was but one remove from a scullion, but now he is a great man in request. Cookery has become an art, a noble science. Cooks are gentlemen. It is true they wear their brains in their bellies and their guts in their heads. But what of that? Do not our gentry flock to the taverns as if born to no other end but eating and drinking? Their bodies have become storage warehouses for edible and drinkable plunder of every kind. Is it any wonder the Medical Old Fools are abroad in the land when the field is white with the harvest? He sees his day and is glad.

As we have already noted the fact that the science of medicine is complicated and therefore difficult, to be a successful physician one must be a master of three kingdoms, the animal, vegetable and mineral, for man is related to all three. It requires years to obtain this necessary knowledge, and yet the Medical Old Fool, who never put his foot inside of a medical college or learned enough about anatomy to carve a chicken, sets all the doctors down in the land as a set of frauds and ignoramus, while he of course, like all the rest of the Old Fools, knows it all. If he gets sick he will physic himself nearly to death on outlandish roots and herbs, and then in despair send for the doctor as a dernier resort. Should he die after doing so all the other Medical Old Fools in the community are unanimous in the opinion that the disciple of Galen finished him. On the other hand, should the physician cure him he denies it *in toto coelo* and vows that his own decoction was at the bottom of his restoration.

The scriptures tell us of certain men who believe a lie that they may be damned. The Medical Old Fool is much in the same category. He will not believe in a regular practitioner, nor a tried and well known medicine, but will go his whole length on a nostrum compounded by a quack and be killed. And this, by the way, is one good thing effected by patent medicines. They serve to thin out fools.

But the Medical Old Fool knows it all. He has tried this, that and the other and never knew it to fail. Although a dunce he knows all about anatomy, physiology, pathology and *Materia Medica* by intuition. Away with your musty treatises on the virtues of calomel, quinine and mercury when he can go out into his garden and pull up a weed or go into the woods and dig a root that

has more virtue than all three of them.

Nothing is created in vain, and so the Medical Old Fool has his mission in life. But for him our doctors, like Othello, would find their occupation gone. The medical fraternity should erect a marble monument over the grave of each one that dies, and inscribe thereon,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF OUR BEST FRIEND.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEGAL OLD FOOL.

The science of law is another complicated affair, requiring the most painstaking study in its acquisition, the most profound reason and searching analysis in order to its proper interpretation. It has employed, and ever will engage the full strength of the most gigantic intellects to pursue it, and yet the Legal Old Fool who whittles sticks and chews tobacco every summer afternoon at the village grocery to admiring rustics, thinks he knows it all from Justinian's Pandects to Henning's Justice, although he never heard in his life of either. He is as "full of wise saws and modern instances" as any Shakespearean Dogberry who ever lived. Blackstone may err in Common Law, Chitty on Contracts, Starkie on Evidence, or Stephens on Pleading, but he is infallible in everything. He has no hesitancy in demurring to the decisions of his county or corporation judge, but goes a bow-shot beyond all this, and disputes the accuracy of the chief justice of the United States himself. If his knowledge is profound his cheek is colossal.

The Legal Old Fool may sometimes be found editing a newspaper, and when this is the case every quid-nunc in the county or town wishing to cheat a lawyer out of

the meagre price of a consultation, consults him through the columns of the daily or weekly *Headlight*, as the case may be. His answers to such questions are as infallible as those said to have emanated from the oracle of Delphos, and we may add, just about as lucid also. It frequently happens that the Legal Old Fool becomes a politician, and when he does so, he invariably pitches into the lawyers as having framed the most foolish set of laws that ever disgraced a statute-book, and promises the voters when he gets to the Legislature or Congress to have every one of them expunged and sensible ones enacted instead. Poor Old Foo!! Should he ever get to either place and assert his personality, he would become a laughing-stock for the whole body.

Sometimes he turns author, and writes a book entitled "Every Man His Own Lawyer," which he contrives to sell to every stingy curmudgeon in the land for fifty cents or a dollar, and although the book is dear at any price, yet as all the natural-born fools are not dead yet, he reaps a rich harvest.

Such is a faint outline of the Legal Old Fool. Like all the rest of his tribe, he is composed of about equal parts of conceit, knavery and superficiality. You need not expect to discover a profound Old Fool, for he nowhere exists, and although the Legal Old Fool sets up that claim for himself, it has no foundation except in his own conceit.

Occasionally he may be found in the ranks of the lawyers themselves, but that quick-witted fraternity soon remand him to the rear, from which he emerges as a candidate for office, as we have already said. Failing in clients to support him, he falls back upon constituents to do so, and as nine-tenths of them are bigger fools than he is himself, he often succeeds.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITERARY OLD FOOL.

What man or woman who ever attended school has not either read or declaimed, or heard read or declaimed that little bit of doggerel beginning:

Tall trees from little acorns grow:

Great streams from little fountains flow—etc.

Now, we daresay, without fear of successful contradiction, that this little bit of prosy commonplace has been the means of flooding the world with more fools than anything else in the universe. Every little dunce in the community knows it by heart, and, worst of all, believes that he is the individual acorn that is going to produce this great tree named. In consequence, he takes up the absurd idea that all that is essential to true greatness is perseverance at whatever calling he may undertake. Should he be gifted with an abnormal memory, and thus be able, parrot-like to repeat other men's ideas in their own language, his silly excuse of a teacher or doting parents will give it out that he is a great literary "genus," and as soon as the boy hears of this, he becomes ever afterward a confirmed crank. He begins his literary career by launching out into rhyme, containing neither measure, sense nor reason, and the whole family clap their hands at having a great poet in it.

The little Homer is petted, caressed and coddled until he imagines old Milton, "ain't nowhere," while such nondescripts as Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley must not be named in his presence. His ode on "Spring" is taken to the nearest weekly newspaper office and submitted to the editor. That keen-witted and hungry functionary, always on the alert for an "ad" or a new

subscriber, and knowing that all the poet's cousins, uncles, and aunts will enter their names on his books, and that out of the whole lot the prospect for a bushel of potatoes or a cord of wood is reasonably certain, takes pleasure in giving his readers the benefit of this effusion of genius.

It is needless to say that after that the boy is ruined for life. You might as well be singing a psalm to a dead horse as trying to get him to follow any pursuit other than literature. He goes from bad to worse. When he has ground out a sufficiency of rhymes for the purpose, he publishes a book. The book sells for two reasons. People that never did believe he had sense enough to write one, buy it out of pure curiosity, while all his friends that never knew any difference between a conceited ape and a genius, take him for the latter, and of course, buy it, and thus between the two he sells the whole edition.

But somehow or other the Literary Old Fool never has any money. One would suppose this would put a stop to his foolishness. Not a bit of it. Has he not read that Homer was a beggar, Milton as poor as a church mouse, Goldsmith a never-do-well? And is it to be supposed that while he is in such illustrious company, he ever envies the double-chinned sons of filthy lucre, who in a few years will return

To the vile dust from which they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung!

In nearly all cases the Literary Old Fool has a wife. Her career is a sad one. The only things with which she is supplied are brats and candle-lighters, and her whole time is employed in sewing up rents, not which the envious Casca made, but in the trousers of five or six young Miltons in embryo. Could she sell her candle-

lighters at a cent a hundred, she would realize more than her inspired husband does on the rest of his manuscripts.

The Literary Old Fool will not be advised by anybody. He generally selects for his subject something of neither interest nor profit to any one, and treats it in such a dry and formal manner that no live publisher in the land would give a dollar for a ton of it. Thus he goes through life, trying with the wings of a bat to imitate the soaring of an eagle, and dies at last a complete failure in everything but one—perseverance.

What a pity that so many valuable rail-splitters are lost to the world because one with an abundance of brains succeeded in becoming President of the United States.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHETIC OLD FOOL.

It may seem a little singular that in tracing the ramifications of the various Old Fools which have one common origin, that we should feel called upon to specify any one of the lot as the Prophetic Old Fool, seeing that the last mother's son of them claim the power of foreseeing future events. But there is one of them, however, who has been, and is now, so much in evidence that we feel we should be derelict in our duty to a long-suffering public not to expose him by giving him the benefit of a whole chapter.

That the Prophetic Old Fool is a false prophet goes without saying. But there is a marked difference between the ancient and modern specimen. The former always claimed illumination from a Superior Being as a basis for his vaticinations. The modern, however, will not allow that there is any being superior to himself, and hence claims to furnish his own oil that gives him light to foresee future events. Oh, no! The Prophetic Old Fool is too jealous of his reputation to divide honors with his Maker or the Devil. He never begs the question in any such puerile manner; never. Again. Every Prophetic Old Fool has his specialty. The ancient specimen confined himself mainly to famine and the issues of war, and he generally took a rose-colored view of

the future. The reason the old rascal did this was because they were employed by princes and rulers, and fearing the loss of "backsheesh" if they told the king anything unpleasant, they chose lines of prophesy agreeable to the ruler's wish and the welfare of their own bellies.

The modern specimen, however, is generally a pessimist, and never seems to be completely happy until every one else is made miserable by his own predictions, for if they are unhappy from any other cause he is never satisfied until he has made them still more so through his own agency. His hobby is generally the weather and earthquakes, and the worst of storms and the most terrible seismic disturbances alone seem to inspire his prophetic soul. He fairly revels in coming cyclones and chimeras dire. Occasionally he hits the nail on the head, and his reputation is made. As an instance read what follows:

"Herr Falb, the earthquake prophet of Vienna, suddenly achieved fame last spring. He said Greece would be shaken by an earthquake on April 20th, and the event actually came off according to Falb's programme. There was a slipping of the unstable rocks underlying the Atlantic Channel. A terrible shock buried some hundreds of Phocians in the ruins of their homes, shops, or churches. All Greece was shaken, Italy felt the tremors, and seismic instruments as far away as southern England recorded the disturbance. It was a sad day for Greece and a great day for Falb. The prophet had hit the nail exactly on the head. The chance that he would do so was rather less than that he would draw a prize in a lottery, but he did it.

If Herr Falb had now retired on his laurels they would not have faded so rapidly, and he would have saved

Greece no end of anxiety and distress. Unfortunately the spirit of prophesy was upon him and could not be suppressed. The Viennese seer opened his mouth again and told the world that on May 5th, Greece would once more be shaken, and Athens would be destroyed.

“Poor Greece had not yet buried all the dead who had been crushed under the falling walls of April 20th, and Herr Falb’s new prophesy sounded in her ears like the crack of doom. Not only ignorant people, but also men and women of intelligence and education, were overwhelmed with nervous apprehension. In his report on the earthquakes in Greece in 1893 and 1894, which Prof. Mitzopoulos, of Athens, has just published, he gives a short but graphic account of the needless suffering which Falb’s words inflicted upon the people of the capital.

“Twelve days before the date fixed by Falb for his next earthquake, the details of his prophecy were telegraphed to Athens. Every effort of scientific men to reassure the public was in vain. They wrote to the newspapers that Falb’s alleged omniscience as to seismic phenomena was pure humbug, and that his prophecy was based upon no knowledge or theories that entitled it to consideration. They might as well have talked to the winds, for one stubborn fact overtopped all other considerations in the public mind. Herr Falb had predicted the earthquake of April 20th, and what he had done once he might do again.

“Business was largely suspended some days before the dreaded May 5th. On the night before the expected catastrophe few people in Athens and Piræus slept. Most of the people had abandoned their houses and were in the streets and fields. Many others took refuge in the barks and ships, and waited from minute to minute the

expected destruction. Many were frightened into sickness, some died, and a number of panic-stricken women suffered from premature childbirth. The scare did not entirely subside for days after Falb had been proved to be a false prophet. A great earthquake is usually followed by a period of frequent earth tremors until equilibrium is restored among the disturbed rock strata. As long as these tremors continued, thousands of people believed that Falb's second earthquake had been only delayed, and was sure to come."

To conclude with one more observation: The Prophetic Old Fool of the past was generally put to death for his failure to realize rose-colored predictions. The modern, however, has been discounted so often that people look for better times ahead whenever he begins to vaticinate, and hence he escapes. Like all the rest of his tribe, however, "he knows it all."

CHAPTER II.

THE WEATHER-WISE OLD FOOL.

Considering that the state of the weather, present and future, is the prelude to nearly all polite conversation, and that moreover, it is a subject of surpassing interest, it is no wonder that the Weather-Wise Old Fool should bob up serenely with his forecasts.

This species is confined almost exclusively to the rural districts, where he occupies an enviable position in society in the triple *role* of "guide, philosopher and friend." The reason of his operations being confined to the country is owing to the advent of the weather-bureau with its concomitants of flags and signals, denoting the advance of hot and cold waves, of sunshine and

storm to the denizens of cities. And it may be added that the weather signal has the same effect upon the Weather-Wise Old Fool that a red flag has upon a bull. And why should it not? No man can bear to have the ground swept from under him, or see his occupation gone. And that is just what science is doing for the Weather-Wise Old Fool in the cities. Now it goes without saying that in the country where such innovations are unknown, the old fellow is still cock of the weather, if not of the walk, and has an undisputed empire over the atmosphere and the clouds.

Like all true philanthropists he makes no charge for his services except a tribute to his foresight and an acknowledgement of his prophetic genius. There are said to be "tricks" in all trades, and the Weather-Wise Old Fool is as full of them as an egg is of meat. He has hundreds of "signs" which he never knew to fail. For instance: "If the wind blows from the south for 48 hours you may certainly expect rain." "If it clears off cold after a rain, expect frost." "If the moon changes in the morning before 7 o'clock, look for a change in the weather."

The observant reader will please notice that he inserts an "if" before each prediction. This reservation afforded by that little word "if" is the loop-hole through which he always escapes in case of failure. He is too sharp to be found indulging in such a rare luxury as a clear-cut prophecy. He is not to be caught napping in that way. Were he, for instance, to say: "To-morrow it will rain, then clear off, and bring a killing frost," and he should slip up, farewell all reverence for the Weather-Wise Old Fool. We would have no more respect for him than for a sucked orange or a played out politition. This Old Fool has been in existence like the rest of his

tribe from time immemorial. Even the Savior of mankind, over 1800 years ago pointed him out by way of rebuke when he quoted him as follows: "When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red." "And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."

Of course we do not mean to intimate that the Weather-Wise Old Fool is not sometimes right in his forecasts. How can a man who is always guessing fail to "hit it sometimes," especially in such a changeful thing as the weather? But the beauty of it for the Old Fool is, that people always remember his predictions which come true and forget those which are false, although the latter constitute an overwhelming majority of his vaticinations. There is a class of weather, however, which defies all the predictions of this rural philosopher, and that is dry weather. Knowing this, the whole tribe of them have united on a maxim covering this emergency exactly, and that is, that "all signs fail in dry weather." Recognizing this, the Weather-Wise Old Fool is as coy in giving an opinion at such times as a young miss in saying "yes," when she has a half dozen suitors.

Still we have a grateful appreciation of the Weather-Wise Old Fool. In our young days when invited to social gatherings a day off, we always consulted him, and when he predicted a rainy night we consoled ourselves with the reflection that the Old Fool did not know what he was talking about, and nearly always failed, and when he "struck it right" it made no difference. Then again, he has his uses. He supplies a long felt want in fashionable circles. One-half the people you meet there have'nt got sense enough to talk about anything else, and the weather is lugged in to fill that aching void. Indeed it is quite refreshing to hear some fashionable

young debutant declare upon her word it is the coldest weather she ever felt, on her way to the party, although wrapped from head to foot in the warmest of furs, and when after she has gotten there and appears in ball room dress, almost equivalent to no clothes at all, she again declares that it is the most delightful evening she ever spent.

We could say more concerning the Weather-Wise Old Fool, but as the reader, no doubt, is blessing him for having fooled him or her so often, we will allow them to conclude the chapter without further assistance from us.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRACTICAL OLD FOOL.

Such a thing as an absolutely prideless man is not to be found. It matters not if he be as ugly as the devil is reputed to be; as mean as sin, as ignorant as the average politician, still he is proud of something. We knew a man once who had contracted a habit of moving his nose as much as his lips in ordinary conversation, and when reminded of it, replied, that "all great men had their peculiarities," and left us to infer that this was his.

Just so with the Practical Old Fool. While the vast majority of mankind are carried away with the charms of genuine eloquence, gaze with rapt emotion upon the masterpiece of a great artist, while the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling glances from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, and sees more devils than vast Hell can hold, the Practical Old Fool sees and hears nothing. A fine oration to him is not worth the time consumed in its delivery; the masterpiece of painting

not worth the canvas on which it is drawn, while as to poetry it is "plumb" foolishness. Although the Creator has studded the heavens with stars and beautified the earth with flowers, he holds star-gazers and flower-lovers as little less than lunatics.

And yet he thinks it a sign of true greatness to condemn all these things. The old goose! As if any great man from Adam's day to this was not endowed with an imperial imagination. As if the true test of human greatness were not creation and invention, and that without imagination nothing great, humanly speaking, has ever been evolved. Look at Homer, Virgil and Milton. Look at Demosthenes, Cicero and Henry. Look at Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon. Look at Archimedes, Newton and Kepler. Look at Phidias, Apelles, Leonardo, Raphael and Rubens. Look at all the world's immortals, all gifted with godlike imaginations; devotees at the shrine of what was considered the impractical. Look at these things, O Practical Old Fool! and learn that you do not know it all.

The Practical Old Fool prides himself furthermore upon the idea that he alone pursues what is useful. Sordid wretch that he is. As if the power that helps to restore fallen man to the image of his Maker; as if the charm of Beauty did not give one a foretaste of Heaven; as if the poet's song and the orator's plea have not breathed courage into souls ready to sink with despair. "Turnips and potatoes, dollars and cents!" "Beef, beef!" cries the Practical Old Fool, while the land rings with patriotic rejoicings.

But the Practical Old Fool has his uses, and if he did not pretend to know it all no one would complain. Some one must feed the hogs and salt the cows, and as he is fond of this employment and no one objects to his

doing so, what right has he to set in judgment upon others. It is always honorable for a man or woman to fulfill the design of their Creator, but when they arrogate to themselves that the Maker sets a special premium upon the occupation of dunces the conceit of the thing becomes colossal. One thing well done is better than a thousand partly done. One great idea, developed by a master mind, outweighs all the crudities of all the Practical Old Fools who ever lived.

Again, the Practical Old Fool prides himself on "getting there." Getting where? To the warmest seat at the fire, to the best bed in the house, the advantage in a horse trade, the last word in a quarrel, the first blow in a fight. Oh, yes, in all things selfish he is easily first. Your great man, your divine man, is above such meanness. If an inventor, he labors for man, unknown in the recesses of poverty, whilst every Practical Old Fool in the whole neighborhood is taunting him with the idea that his machine is not practical. So it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be to the end. The Practical Old Fools have stood and will stand around men of whom they and the world are not worthy, and hoot at them as "impracticable," and just as soon as the invention or idea has been fully developed, seized it and rode it to death. Out with such barren and graceless rascals

The Practical Old Fool has one or two peculiarities which we must notice before we dismiss him. He always begins his conversation by saying "I am a very practical sort of a man." He labors under the impression that these cabalistic words will either give you an idea that he is "some pumpkins," or else it is a gentle reminder that he wants no "flourishes" in what you are about to tell him. Now, we have noticed that a man who talks

that way generally has less sense as to what is really practicable than anybody else. If it were not so he would adopt what was practicable and discard the rest. But as he wishes to get the idea of utility from you and then claim it as his own, he starts out as we have outlined.

But that the Practical Old Fool may see his absurdity in the strongest possible light, we will give him the benefit of an illustration.

One of his tribe was taken sick. He sent for the doctor, and as soon as he arrived he informed the man of medicine that he was a very practical man, and that he wished him to make a thorough diagnosis of his case, and should he come to the conclusion after such examination that he must die, to let him know. The doctor did so and informed him that there were nine chances that he would die to one that he would get well. He then asked the physician for his bill. The latter was dumbfounded, but the old fellow informed him that he was a very practical sort of a man and never invested in any business where the chances were so much against him, and as this was his last business transaction, he wished, as he had always done, not to sink any money with such a small margin in his favor. Having paid his bill for one visit, he then asked the doctor about how long he would live. Being informed that he would probably die on Thursday, he called his wife and said: "Mirandy, the Doctor says I'll die a-Thursday. If so, I want you to bury me Friday evening, kill the hogs Saturday morning, and don't go moping about the house and forget your business, but salt 'em down good. Do you hear!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRICTLY BUSINESS OLD FOOL.

While the hypothesis of the evolution of man from the lower animals is a proposition so ridiculous, that only a few leading fools have been led to adopt it, yet the evolution of certain Old Fools from certain conditions of society is not an open question. In fact, it is so self-evident as to admit of no argument. Take for instance the Strictly Business Old Fool. When the Money Era came upon the boards of time, it just as surely developed the Strictly Business Old Fool as did the Warlike Age produce such men as Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon.

The Strictly Business Old Fool always has existed, but during other than the Money Era he was sternly repressed when his characteristics became manifest. As an evidence of this we need only cite your attention to the fact that the literature of all nations, and the resources of all the greatest writers, ancient or modern (the present time excepted), have been exhausted to find the most horrible adjectives with which to characterize misers, bribe-takers and such. Nowadays, however, a miser is an economical, prudent citizen, the bribe-taker is a capitalist on small means, and a thief is whittled down to an embezzler.

Now, the Strictly Business Old Fool is not one of these exactly. He is the victim of his early environment—the product of circumstances. Beginning life generally in poverty, in his first game of marbles he contrives to cheat his playmates in every game, and when he is praised for so doing by his parents, considers himself a little hero, in spite of his juvenile rascality. A little later, being too stingy to eat, he is praised by his parents

for his frugality, and still later on, having accumulated a little money, while his brothers have not, he is publicly held up before them as "the coming man of the family." Thenceforth his destiny is assured. He is given precedence on all occasions, and by the time he is twenty-one years of age every old mammon-worshipping mamma in the whole neighborhood is telling her climbing-headed daughters that he is the nicest young man going. No wonder his head is turned. Even the parson himself is piously inclined that way, and pronounces him a very promising young man. "Promising," as applied to young men, once included powers of mind that might lead to fame and usefulness. Now it means nothing but the possibilities of wealth.

Seeing the success of his policy, the Strictly Business Young Fool copies the manners of speech and dress of the Strictly Business Old Fool, and they become so enamored of each other's abilities that they constitute a sort of mutual admiration society.

But the worst remains to be told. The Strictly Business Old Fools having as a general rule never read anything but day-books and ledgers, finally come to the conclusion that there is nothing else to be learnt of any account, and so despise all polite learning. In consequence, he has developed a new language—one as devoid of sentiment, soul and poetry as a meat-axe. Instead of saying, for instance, when he is recovering from a spell of sickness that he is "convalescing," he will tell the asker that he feels ten per cent. or twenty per cent. better as the case may be. When you do him a service, instead of making acknowledgement in correct English, he will blurt out, "Thanks"—a word which would make John Randolph turn over in his grave could he hear it. This is strictly business, however. When one of these

Strictly Business Old Fools of a man marries a Strictly Business Old Fool of a woman there is hardly sufficient sentiment between the two to sweeten a cup of coffee. There is a close resemblance between the Solid Old Fool and the Strictly Business Old Fool. There is a difference, however, in degree but not in kind. The Solid Old Fool is in station and the other in business. The Strictly Business Old Fool is in the chrysalis state, but the Solid Old Fool is the full blown butterfly.

We are indebted to this class of Old Fools for one word at least, and that is the word "crank." Having no appreciation of such things as history, science, literature, painting and music; having no sympathy with philanthropists and philosophers, unless those who are making piles of money, they designate them as cranks. No man who is making money, hand over fist, is ever visited with this terrible denunciation. That is reserved for those who are toiling without fee or reward for the souls and bodies of their unfortunate fellow-men, who are not too strictly business to lend a helping hand to the poor drunkard and the fallen woman.

We mean no disparagement by what we have written of the strictly business man. He is no kin to the Strictly Business Old Fool. As the just-too-sweet-to-live young man is the dude of the social world, so the just-too-mean-to live Old Fool is the dude of the business world.

CHAPTER V.

THE BUSINESS-HATING OLD FOOL.

This Old Fool is the exact opposite of the other. While the former is an example of business-run-mad, the latter veers to the other extreme and hates any busines

at all. Now, it is really surprising how many fools of this sort there are in these United States, both old and young. Among the young women of the country especially the number is especially large. They not only have no business themselves, but absolutely turn up their noses at young men who have. Owing to a false education, pre-conceived notions, and a woful lack of good, hard sense, they are under the impression that no man can be a gentleman who is compelled to work for his living. Tender idiots! As if any man who contrives to live without labor of some sort is not only a nuisance, but a thief and a robber. Your fine gentlemen and ladies of leisure, as a general thing, are not worth as much to the community as the poorest excuse of a carpenter or cobbler to be found in it. Captain John Smith, at Jamestown, in 1607, had a lot of these "gentlemen of leisure" to contend with, and never got anything out of them until he established the rule that those who did not work should not eat.

But if anything on this earth could furnish complete proof that all the fools are not dead yet, it is afforded by the number of people who believe that labor is degrading. Why, even down your little fledgling of an orator would have us believe that his greatest effort cost him no labor at all; that he just got right up and spoke it by inspiration. And strange to say, there are thousands of fools in the world who believe every word he says, when if the truth were told, he has been pegging away at it for the last three months. Had he continued doing so for three months longer, it would not have been amiss, and had he never spoken it at all it would have been all the better. Oh, no! The windy little goose believes there is great merit in asserting that his effort cost him no labor, especially when we are reminded that

such men as Demosthenes, Cicero and Gladstone never mounted the rostrum until they were masters of their subjects, requiring the most extensive research, profound thought, and any amount of hard mental labor to bring it to perfection. If labor is degrading, such men as St. Paul, Milton, Washington, and every other really great man who ever lived, was the most degraded of the race. To hear them tell it, the evidence of a gentleman is his soft hands, tender feet, and the amount of time of which he robs his Maker and his fellowman, while lounging about, reading dime novels, and inculcating false ideas of the true nobility of life.

The truth of the whole matter is, the whole country is cursed with Labor-Hating Old Fools who are not worth the ammunition required to put them out of the way, to say nothing of the amount of food and clothing they manage to consume, for every one of them eats, bless you, and even if he does despise the laborer, he is always on hand at meal-times, and eats what someone's labor has procured, with all the appetite of a quarter-horse.

We have seen some of these Old Fools who hated labor so much, and looked upon it as so degrading, that they would lie abed of a morning until their wives had gotten up, kindled all the fires in the house, and even gone to the wood-pile in a blinding snow-storm and chopped stove-wood with which to get the Labor-Hating Old Fool his breakfast. But this specimen is of ancient date, and has a plenty of company to sustain him in his belief, as all savages, ancient or modern, have believed, and yet believe that labor is degrading, so much so that they seldom indulge in enough of it to get the dirt off themselves. And the same may be said of the thief and the robber. He, too, believes that labor is degrading, and hence, like the Labor-Hating Old Fools elsewhere,

makes his living from the labor of others. We do not imagine the Labor-Hating Old Fool will like his picture much. But whether he does or not, here it is, and if this is treason, make the most of it.

VI.

THE COMMON-SENSE OLD FOOL.

That man is an idolater by nature is evident from several considerations. In the lower stages of his worship, the object of his adoration is just as likely to be a snake or some other loathsome object in nature as anything else. If he is a little higher in the scale of being, his god is an image or a stone. And then comes hero-worship after death as well as before. Lastly, after having been emancipated from these dumb idols and dead men, we have in our day another set of worshipers, whom for want of a better word we will call Theory worshipers. And we may add, the more absurd the theory the more devoted the worshiper. The patent medicine man for instance, not content with saying his nostrum is a specific, lays claim to a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. In keeping with this idea certain theorizers claim that their ideas if carried out would revolutionize the world. Prominent among these is the Common-Sense Old Fool. Although common sense never invented anything, yet after something has been invented, the Common-Sense Old Fool always gives it as his opinion that had the man of *uncommon* sense listened to him it would have been a great deal better. As every species of Old Fool in the universe is bottomed on something, so that of the Common-Sense order is based on selfishness and conceit. An old miser, with thousands

of dollars, hidden away, and who yet shivers in rags in winter, and starves himself to death in summer, is only common-sense run mad. Every stingy person has the credit of having lots of common sense, while the generous one, however talented he may be, is said to lack it. Who says so? Why the Common-Sense Old Fool to be sure. His *hind-sight* is remarkable. He can always tell to a hair where Napoleon, Grant or Lee made a mistake *after they made it*. Oh, yes! Common Sense can sit before a comfortable fire and criticise the genius who invented the axe that cut the wood that makes the fire. If a young lady, rightly divining the true intent of marriage and weds the man of her choice, poor though he may be, instead of marrying some rich Old Fool whom she cannot love, she is condemned by every Common-Sense Old Fool in the neighborhood. If a young man feels the kindlings of genius warming his soul for high emprise, every Common-Sense Old Fool feels a special call to advise that young man. He did his best to dissuade Columbus from navigation, Newton from mathematics, Milton from poetry and Napoleon from warfare. Genius must always crack the skull of common-sense before one of its ideas can find admittance therein. By the way, what is common-sense but ordinary sense? Does it possess some secret charm by which it distances genius in the race of life? None, except that of meanness: genius is unselfish, common-sense nearly always so. Genius is heavenly, common-sense of the earth earthy. It hardly ever looks beyond a full smokehouse and corn-crib. It lives for a day, not for all time. It believes more in the immortality of the body than it does in that of the soul. Gentle reader, do not mistake our meaning. A common-sense man and a Common-Sense Old Fool are not one and the same, for the former is content with his

endowment, but the latter imagines that common-sense is a panacea for all the ills that genius is heir to, and by special dispensation from on high he is the man to administer it. But to end the matter. If common sense is a good thing is not uncommon-sense a better? Common-sense enjoys the good things of this life, but genius creates them and has foretastes of the life to come.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EDITORIAL OLD FOOL.

The Gypsies have been and are now the conundrum of the ages. Their first appearance upon the continent of Europe dates so far back that it cannot be stated positively. Then, as now, they were a nomadic people, and to what nationality they belonged was unknown. All that is positively known now concerning them is they are human beings, that they have laws peculiar to themselves, and that the great majority of them are thieves. But that they do belong to some nationality is certain; no man or woman exists upon earth who does not.

Just so in the kingdom of Fools. There are the great nations of Fools, the petty republics of Fools and there are Fools, and many of them too, who seem to defy classification. The only thing certain about them at all is that they are Fools, and belong to the great army of know-it-all.

For instance, there is the Editorial Old Fool. He does not belong to the thoroughbred Literary Old Fool. He is not always, though very often, an Ignorant Old Fool, neither does the classification of the Learned Old Fool always include him. In many respects he defies classification, and about as near as one can get at the true idea

of what he is may be compassed by saying he is an Old Fool with a hobby. Now we do not mean to say that all the other Old Fools are without this apparently necessary appendage, but that the hobby of the Editorial Old Fool is peculiar, and while any other one rides his hobby to death, he makes you ride his to death instead, and not a week passes—we say week, for none of his class are allowed to edit a daily—but what he has something to say on this all-important subject. It does not matter on which side of the controversy he may be, he always goes to the extreme. If his brother crank favors restriction and would endeavor to make man moral by legislation, he advocates personal liberty so loudly that one would imagine he preferred going to Hell drunk on his own accord rather than be forced to go to Heaven sober. In politics he is equally extreme. He cannot for the life of him imagine how any man should take other views than his own, and when they do it is *prima facia* evidence that he is a dishonest man. How could it be otherwise. He knows it all, and tells you all, and when you will not heed what he says you are a scoundrel of course.

There is one trait, however, that he has in common with every other Old Fool in the universe. Recognizing that mankind, somehow or another, will not accept him as a general oracle, and consult him as such, he affects the “trick of singularity” and endeavors to become famous that way. Why we have known one of these Editorial Old Fools to devote a whole column to the death of an office cat, when he would only give a “stick” concerning the demise of the most eminent man in the State.

We have said that he did not belong to the category of the Literary Old Fools, but occasionally he essays that

difficult *role* also, and when he does, if you wish to make him howl, you have but is criticize his production. Then indeed there is a tempest in his little teapot of a brain, and one would imagine in reading his comments on your honest opinion that you had committed one of the seven deadly sins.

Another weakness of the Editorial Old Fool is his fondness for taffy. Mischievous brother editors, cognizant of this fact, frequently stuff the old goose so full of it that he can scarcely contain himself, and while the mischievous editor aforesaid is nearly dying with suppressed laughter, the conceited victim of his blarney is ready to die with joy.

Poor Old Fool! Too often the tool of his inordinate vanity, he carries his head high, values his opinion immensely and imagines the whole town is ready to do him honor, when, if the truth were known, they look upon him as the most complete crank in the whole corporation, if not in the entire State. If he should ever read these lines, which are written for his benefit, we trust he will lay them to heart and profit accordingly. But this is a vain hope, we fear, as he will be sure to imagine we are describing an editor other than himself, and so we might as well leave him and pass on to the next.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMPECUNIOUS OLD FOOL.

That most people are sensitive as regards any bodily defect of their own is quite evident to any observant person. Indeed, it frequently happens that one will incur the displeasure of such person by even inquiring if such be not the case. The following incident will il-

lustrate this fact: Two men, the one with defective eye-sight and the other with impaired hearing, were walking along the street together. "A fellow-feeling" makes us congenial, if not wondrous kind, and so quite naturally their ideas flowed in the same channel. At last, just as they were approaching a fine city church with a steeple one hundred and fifty feet high surmounting it, the deaf man said to the other: "Don't you despise for people to be always telling you that you can't see good?" "Certainly I do," replied the other. "Why, I can see as good as anybody. For instance," says he, casting his eye to the top of the steeple, "I see a fly crawling about on the top of that steeple." The other old fellow clapped his hands to his ear and replied, "I can't see him, but I hear him crawling about up there."

Just so with any other shortcoming whatsoever. Now, poverty, nine times out of ten, is the result of one of two causes: extravagance, or want of judgment; but the Impecunious Old Fool cannot be convinced of this, but like all the rest, he knows it all. He imagines the whole world is in a conspiracy to keep him down. And such is his opinion of his own powers, that he imagines it takes the whole world to repress such a Titan as himself. Some even go a bow-shot beyond this, and say not man but fate is against them, thereby intimating that but for supernatural power they would rise anyhow.

If the Impecunious Old Fool had more sense and less conceit, he would never imagine such things as these. So far is the world from conspiring against him, it does not even so much as think of him. Another *ignis fatuus* which he follows is the belief that true merit will always be recognized, and inasmuch as he presumes that he possesses an abundance of that virtue, that he will finally be patronized and become either famous or rich, or both.

Poor Old Fool! As if he did not know that nearly every real genius who ever lived, died of a broken heart, on account of the neglect and want of appreciation by a sordid, gain-seeking world. For a conceited ass like himself to turn cynic is ridiculous. Has he not seen the maimed soldier "begging bitter bread through realms his valor saved." Has he not seen the soldier's widow and his children in rags, while extortioners, who grew rich on army contracts, living in palaces, faring like princes, and surrounded by parasites and flatterers, worshipped as a demi-god in life and canonized as a saint after death? Poor Old Fool! As if mankind did not prefer to stake their chances of squeezing into Heaven through a needle's eye, rather than to be poor and go in with ample room. As if he did not know that two-thirds of the clergy even, are never convinced they have a call to another church, unless the salary is greater than the one they already receive. Poor Old Fool! He prates of honorable poverty. Honorable poverty indeed! "To avoid which mankind take any pains, leave no haven, no coast, no creek in the world unsearched, although to the hazard of limb and life itself. To shun it men dive to the bottom of the sea, to the bowels of the earth in every zone. To escape it men become parasites, women prostitutes, swear, lie and damn their souls and bodies, forsake God, adjure religion, steal, rob and murder, rather than bear its intolerable yoke."

Poor Old Fool! Would you be honored, get rich. No matter if your brain would rattle in a mustard seed shell, no matter if you are gizzard-footed, blear-eyed and bandy-legged, you will be held in honor. No matter if in attaining it you plucked the last rag from the back of shivering infancy, or snatched the last crust from the teeth of starving childhood; no matter if you be a pagan,

a barbarian, a wretch, there will be myriads to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning. You will be called a gracious lord, a Macaenas, a benefactor, a wise man. Your voice, like that of Herod's, will be Vox Dei, non hominis—the voice of a god, not of man. Honorable poverty indeed “though he be honest, wise, learned, well-deserving, noble by birth, of excellent parts, yet in that he is poor, unlikely to rise, to come to honor or to office, he is contemned, neglected, despised; if he speaks, “What babbler is this? To be poor is to be a knave, a fool, a wretch, a villain. Say poor and say all.” But of what avail is all that has been said. Impecuniosity is a disease to which no medicine can minister, and the Impecunious Old Fool lays the flattering unction to his soul, that only great men are subject to it, and that he himself is one of the most illustrious patients in all history. We have prescribed for him, but we have no idea our medicine will do him any good. His case is chronic and past all physic. The only thing to be dreaded is that he will leave a lot of young impecunious fools who will take up their father's grievance where he left it off.

But it would be unjust to a great many good people to create the idea that there is no such thing as “honest poverty.” But humanly speaking there is no such thing as “honorable poverty.” “Poor but honest,” not poor but honorable, may do. God's poor are few and far between, but the name of the Devil's paupers is legion. Poverty is generally the road to heaven. But a man suffering the pangs of hunger and cold and nakedness is more concerned about the Bitter Now than he is about the Sweet Bye and Bye. As “an empty meal sack will not stand upright,” nothing but the grace of God can keep a poverty stricken man from falling into sin. If

he depends upon the appreciation of the world to sustain him, he will have his opinion only for his pains. We have no doubt there are millions of saints in Heaven, who thank God they were born poor, lived poor and died poor, nor that there are millions of rich men in Hell, who will wail through all eternity because they were born rich, lived rich and died rich. But the Impecunious Old Fool will neither go to Paradise on account of his poverty, nor to Hell on account of his riches. He did not take his poverty as a blessing in disguise, but as a curse specially resting on a very great man, and which filled him with bitterness. Nor on the other hand would he have taken riches as the gift of God, but have attributed their possession to his own unaided genius, as many just such fools as he are doing every day, living like hogs and dying as they have lived. Their torment in a future state will be like that of Tantalus.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MATERIALISTIC OLD FOOL.

When Drummond wrote his treatise entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," although tracing much of correspondence and coincidence existing between the realm of Sense and the World of Spirit, yet to our way of thinking, he merely hinted at instead of discussed the proposition. For instance, instead of co-incidence there is co-relation. Physical objects are not the culmination but the types, not the realities but merely the shadows of things spiritual. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," when used without reference to the things of time and sense can have no meaning. This is the realm of shadows, the life to come the realm of real-

ties. As as example, language is given us to express our ideas. Nature is the alphabet of creation, and when we become at all proficient in that, we are prepared for our first lesson in reading the language of the spiritual world. But we reverse the process, and instead of reasoning from the known to the unknown, we put the cart before the horse and try to reason without a premise, and yet expect a just conclusion. And just see how many illustrious Old Fools we have from this very cause. Men who pretend to know everything about the Natural World, and scout the idea of the supernatural. What he calls "the Supernatural is all he does know, and his vaunted knowledge of the material world is a pure assumption. Take for illustration the idea of number. Ere a child is capable of reasoning, if you put a figure upon the board and ask him what it is, he will at once answer that it is the number which the figure in question is supposed to represent. If you then rub it out and ask him if the number has ceased to be, he will in all probability answer you in the affirmative, which you know is an absurdity. And yet the Materialistic Old Fool is not one whit better or wiser, for he reasons precisely the same way in reference to any displacement in Nature. Let us illustrate still further on the same line. Place the letters C-A-T on the board and ask the child what it is, and he will at once, if sufficiently advanced, pronounce the word correctly. Rub it out as before, and ask him if the cat has ceased to be, and the answer will be the same as in the numerical proposition. Is the Materialistic Old Fool one jot wiser than the child? God has given us not only his own word as to the existence of a Spiritual World, he has given us Nature—the alphabet—the language of the spiritual world, and yet the Materialist, like the child, stops at the sign instead of

the thing signified, clings to the shadow instead of the substance, and yet calls himself a philosopher. From all such philosophy, Good Lord deliver us!

“Know thyself” is one of the injunctions of Holy Writ. “Thyself” means the spirit, not thy body. If this were not possible the command would never have been given. If you know the nature of your own spirit, you are in a fair way to know the nature of any other spirit in the universe, as they are all related, and the same law governs the existence of each.

But this is not the fact in nature. Knowing the nature of one plant is not knowing the nature of all. We often hear the expression “human nature is the same.” Did you ever hear one silly enough to say that all natural objects are the same? It would be just as relevant to say that all the letters of the alphabet, or all numerical figures were the same. Everything in nature is merely the manifestation of an idea, emanating from Spirit, for apart from that what possible value could it have? There is nothing in the material world valuable in itself. Its sole worth is the relation it bears to something else. If man had no idea of number, of what possible value to him were signs and symbols to represent it? If man were not spiritual, of what avail to him were sun, moon and stars? They could convey no idea to him of a spiritual world. And if they be not signs and symbols of a spiritual world, will the Materialistic Old Fool explain the reasons for and of their existence? They either stand for something or nothing. If for something, what else but an evidence of creative spirit? If for nothing, what reason can be assigned for their creation and existence? To sum up the whole matter in a nutshell, the man who believes in spirit as apart from and above matter is a reasonable being. He who

does not is either in his childhood or dotage. And of such is the Materialistic Old Fool.

CHAPTER X.

THE OPPOSITE OLD FOOL.

The inventor of a new science always exercises the right to his own nomenclature in defining it. Take the science of botany for instance. Before the advent of Linnaeus, the world knew comparatively nothing of the vocabulary of plants and flowers. Since his day, however, it is flooded with polysyllables, descriptive of the simplest herb. Most of these verbal curiosities are tortured out of the Greek and Latin languages. It is the same with the science of medicine. There is a fitness, however, in the medical fraternity choosing a *dead* language, as their medium of communication, seeing the numbers of people they kill every year with their death-dealing compounds of Greek and Latin.

We claim for ourselves the same right, having been the very first to classify, if not create the science of fools, we claim the right to label our own specimens, taking care, however, to make our meaning so plain "that a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

In deciding, however, to describe the Opposite Old Fool, we were at a loss for some time what would be his legitimate title, but finally decided on the one made use of for the following reasons: The Opposite Old Fools, male and female, are exceptions to every general rule. They do not affect the trick of singularity for the purpose of notoriety, but like all the rest of the Old Fools, they think they know it all, and hence all they do is perfectly right and proper.

For instance, the Opposite Old Fool loves the opposite better than he does his own sex. He professes to find more real enjoyment in the company of un-ideaed, giggling young misses than he does in that of the most sensible and intelligent gentlemen. If the Old Fool would only acknowledge that such fondness on his part arose from his own lack of sense, nobody perhaps would blame him. But when he asserts that others fail to imitate his example because they cannot appreciate the fair sex, his conceit becomes insufferable. As a biting frost, however, nips every green thing, so does a really sensible woman always paralyze one of these greenhorns of the masculine gender, and when he leaves her company he is like the old negro's fish—so "*swunk up*" that he hardly knows himself. Oh, no! These chattering idiots, young and old, who love the opposite sex better than they do their own, are not to be trusted.

To love one woman, who is wise and sensible and good, above every one else, is noble, commendable and honorable. But to love all women better than you do any man, instead of being a virtue is a vice. The world does not need another Sardanapulus. One is sufficient.

On the other hand, the Opposite Old Fool of the feminine gender is still worse. May the Lord help the man who marries a woman who is fonder of the opposite sex than she is of her own. This fondness never terminates at matrimony, as many weak-minded, sap-headed young men suppose, but grows worse, and there is generally the devil to pay afterwards, and people who know no better wonder why Mr. A or Mr. B looks so wrinkled and careworn. We never knew an instance of a man who loved women better than he did men, who ever made a good husband, or a woman who loved men more than she did her own sex, who ever made a good wife. Such

cattle are not built that way. A true man loves a real womanly woman. A true woman loves a real manly man. Such fools as the Opposite Old Fool are much more numerous than most people imagine, and like all the balance of the tribe, they are trying to sail under false colors. For instance, how often do we hear that "Mr. So-and-so is a great ladies' man?" Nine times in every ten when we hear it we feel sorry for the ladies, for we are well aware what suffering is in store for them should any one of them ever be foolish enough to marry him. Such a man hardly ever has any heart, and generally regards his wife as the poorest selection he could have made, and always looks upon her more as a captive than a conqueror.

But the dear, delightful little fools will not listen to us, and will move heaven and earth to catch one of the Opposite Old Fools, and when they have caught him, will find that he is like the Irishman's horse, which had but two faults—hard to catch and of no account when caught.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WOMEN-HATING OLD FOOLS.

Strange as it may seem there is very little difference in kind between love and hate: in essence they are the very same. We love people without being able to assign any proper reason for so doing, and we too often hate them in the same indefinite way. It is a well-known chemical fact, familiar to every dairy-maid in the country, that milk or cream which was sweet before a thunder shower, becomes sour immediately afterwards. Some

change in the mind of man must be kindred to this, for hate is only love turned sour. This explains the seeming paradox that we so often witness, of people loving each other so passionately one year and hating each other so vehemently the next. For this very reason old people have their misgivings concerning newly-married couples who are too fond of each other at first. They know what usually follows, for it is said that the man who is so fond of his wife at first that he could eat her up, as a usual thing wishes a few years afterwards that he had done so.

Having laid these facts before the reader as a preliminary, we as well as himself, are both better able to estimate the subject of the chapter, *The Woman-Hating Old Fool*, at his true value. In spite of all his sarcasm and jibes concerning the "fair sex," we know the old rascal at one time was her veriest slave, danced attendance upon her and ransacked the pages of every sentimental poet to cull verses expressive of her beauty and his own deathless love. Now look at the poor old goose, gloating over the effusions he has committed to memory from some sour old misanthrope of a writer, who has had an experience similar to his own, or who, in other words, like himself, has been sat down upon, and that heavily. But there is no doubt that the Old Fool hates them sincerely. He once loved them with all his soul. That explains it.

But the most amusing part of the whole subject lies in the fact that the *Woman-Hating Old Fool* thinks he understands female human nature thoroughly, when the wisest men who have ever lived have one and all given it up as a conundrum past finding out. But, like the balance of his brethren, he knows it all.

Now, I would not have my readers imagine for one moment that the woman-hater is always a single man. In fact, the reverse is nearly always true, sad as it may appear, and in nearly every case the old rascal of a benedict was the most affectionate creature going for the first few years of married life. But finding his wife has a will of her own as well as he has, and as he cannot at all times have his own way, he finally concludes that all women are fools, more or less, and that he has gotten the most complete specimen in the whole lot. The old goose never seems to consider the fact that when he so thinks and says that it is a reflection upon himself, for if he had any sense himself he certainly put it to a very poor use in selecting the biggest fool in the world for a wife. In the course of time he begins to let his wife know his opinion of her, and from that time until he is a widower he "makes no bones" in including the whole sex in the same category. He will not even allow her to share in any of the honors that may fall to his lot as an American citizen, as the following incident will show.

On one occasion, one of these Women-Hating Old Fools went to a militia muster, where he was elected to the rank of corporal. Returning home highly elated with this new distinction, he found his wife and his affectionate mother-in-law with the rest of the family seated at the supper table. Upon informing them of his good fortune, his poor wife timidly inquired, "Old man, ain't I corporal too?" "No," said he, "you are the same blamed old fool you always were."

Anybody in the world ought to be able to decide who was the greater fool of the two in this case. Any man who has no more sense than to call his wife a "blamed old fool" in the presence of his mother-in-law should be

sent to the Legislature, or to the lunatic asylum without running the county to the expense of an election or a committee of *inquirendo de lunatico*. The next chapter will however show that the Woman-Hating Old Fool has one mitigating circumstance in his favor in the person of the Man-Hating Old Fool.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN-HATING OLD FOOL.

There are two ways, figuratively speaking, by which men's toes may be trod upon—the one unintentional, the other premeditated and with malice aforethought. It has been said of genius that it always makes a noise in the world. And, it may be added that genius always, though unintentionally, treads upon some one's toes. We mean by this to say that it is the office of genius to create, and in creating you always run counter to some one's prejudices, which is equivalent to treading upon some one's toes. Life is a battle, and so long as the fight continues we may expect a list of casualties greater or less. Consequently, genius has a right to wage war upon pre-conceived follies, and should the fools thrust their pedal extremities in the way, or even not take them out of the way, as for that matter, if they get them mashed they have no one to blame but themselves.

But as we have already said this, on the part of genius, is purely unintentional. There is a class of Old Fools, however, both male and female, whose sole occupation and seeming delight is to give others all the pain and all the trouble they possibly can. They profess to be perfectly candid in all they say and do, and when in the presence of such people and a witness of their petty

spites and meanness, we can scarce refrain from exclaiming about Candour as did Madam Roland about Liberty. Oh Candour! How many crimes are committed in thy name. In the august name of Candour, one of these spiteful old scoundrels or jealous old hags will mar the pleasure of a whole company. Let some gentleman advance the idea that a certain young man in the neighborhood is a promising one, and this base creature will at once remark: "If you knew him as well as I do, you would not say so." Or let a young lady speak in commendatory terms of some friend of hers, and the female hag will at once cut her short by saying loud enough to be heard all over the room: "Silly Gosling! When she has seen as much of the world as I have she will talk in quite another key." Now it goes without saying that the world has seen as much of them as they have of the world, and has pretty much the same opinion of these Old Fools as they have of it. "Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward," is not a threat but a fact, and a most distressing one it would be and a most wholesome one too, if it were possible for the Man-Hating Old Fool to realize it.

But no. They have a mission on earth to perform, they imagine, and have long since persuaded themselves as to what that mission is—to rail at mankind. Sometimes, however, the disease brings its own punishment in this life, for they dote, if not gloat upon their scorn of mankind until they withdraw from it and become hermits. The chief reason for doing this is based on the idea that by so doing they show their contempt for their species. Now this is a game that both can play at, and we have never known an instance where mankind did not sooner forget them than they did mankind. If the

poor old fool only had sense enough to know it, the world congratulates itself when he ceases altogether to appear in public, in having gotten rid of a great nuisance.

As for ourselves, while there may possibly be a great deal of poetry in renouncing the world after this fashion, we have always inclined to the opinion that there is more meanness at the bottom of it all than poetry or goodness either.

Should one of these long-haired, acorn-eating old scamps ever encounter in his lonely rambles that embodiment of the most ideal happiness to be found on this earth—a girl or a boy, how it delights the old fraud to lure the child to rest upon his knee, and as he crushes the heaven in his or her young heart by his recitals of the meanness of mankind, the eye of the old wretch glows with the fires of perdition itself.

Quite frequently this Man-Hating Old Fool calls himself or herself a Christian. How any man or woman who ever saw a real Christian, read a line in the Word of God, or ever felt the love of God shed abroad in his heart, and yet substitutes hate for love in his creed could imagine they were Christians is past comprehension, except upon our theory, that they are the Same Old Fools along with the rest, knowing it all and hence listening to nobody.

We did intend speaking of the Man-Hating Old Fool of a woman, but when we came to that branch of the subject we could not find a solitary one of the fair sex who did not like some man better than she did the rest. Hence her omission from the category of Man-Hating Old Fools.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATHEMATICAL OLD FOOL.

The Mathematical Old Fool is of a piece with the rest. Like all the balance in his particular field, he knows it all. While not quite so numerous as the rest, yet every neighborhood, we dare say, in the whole world contains one or two fully developed specimens. He always contrives in every company in which he may chance to be to make the mathematics of his presence felt. As a general rule he knows about as much about the noble science of mathematics as an average politician about statesmanship. He is nearly always deficient even in common sense, but has a wonderful knack for conundrums and usually carries a greasy wallet chock full of problems, ("sums" he calls them) concerning the measurement of lumber, the height of church steeples and that old worm eaten "chestnut" of a hound in pursuit of a hare, and the time required to catch it.

We have already said he hardly has enough common sense to go into the house when it rains. And yet he contrives to impress other fools with the idea that Newton was not a "patching" to him. The greatest Old Mathematical Fool we ever knew lived in Virginia. Without putting pencil to paper, he could solve in his head the most difficult problems. And yet he not only knew nothing of the science of numbers, but did not even have sense enough to charge anything for laboring in the fields along with a gang of well-paid negroes. Something to eat and an old hat or coat would fully satisfy him. But he bordered so near to the natu-

ral-born fool that he is hardly in the line of illustrating the genuine Mathematical Old Fool. This specimen is usually the product of circumstances, and overweening self-conceit, which his foolish parents mistook for ambition in his youth, and ruined him in the start.

Some years ago the writer of these sketches was engaged in school teaching. One fine morning there rode up to the school house door a gentleman about forty five years of age, bringing his son about ten years old to have him "entered" at school. Dismounting, he signified to the teacher that he wished to see him privately for a few moments. Here he confided to him the information that his son was a great mathematical genius, and that he wished us, as far as lay in our power, to curb him in that direction and push him in Latin as much as possible. We agreed to do so. When his father had departed we called him up. A sensation of having before us an embryonic Newton, Kepler or Laplace stole over us. We felt all the responsibilities of directing a genius. We took up his books, among the rest Davies' Common School Arithmetic. We asked him how far he had progressed in it. He said, "a long ways." We asked him had he gotten to the Rule of Three. "I've gone further than that sir," he replied, "I've ciphered to the Rule of Eight." We informed him he was ahead of his teacher, but would he be so kind as to show us the Rule of Eight? The little genius took his arithmetic, and turning backward until he struck long division, and pointing to eight special rules as a complement to the general one, exclaimed triumphantly, "There it is sir!" We were floored. Explanation was a mere waste of words.

But oh, the trouble that little mathematical genius

gave us. He was the dullest boy in figures in the whole school. There was no need of "reining him in." Oh, no. We did our best to "rein him out" and failed.

From just such material as this boy comes most of our Mathematical Old Fools. Ten to one he is poking around now with his pocket-book full of conundrums, astonishing the natives of his native heath by his solutions. The Mathematical Old Fool has one trick however, which is his "winning card." He always gets the drop on you by proposing his conundrums first. What an insufferable old bore, and what a parody on a noble science he is to be sure.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FINANCIAL OLD FOOL.

Some men are born fools, some achieve foolishness and some have foolishness thrust upon them. To one or the other of these classes the Financial Old Fools, both great and small, all belong. Notwithstanding that in all the world's history you may count the number of born financiers on the fingers of your right hand, still every neighborhood and hamlet in these United States has its financial "genuses," each with a system of his own to restore the public credit, and calculated to bring untold prosperity to the American people. Although they have no credit of their own, not enough even to get a bushel of meal or a pint of pine top on "tick" at the home grocery, they all know how to deal with the disordered finances of a great nation. Singular isn't it? But we said above that some achieve foolishness and some have foolishness thrust upon them.

To this class belong the banking fraternity. And yet

truth to say no one is so ignorant of finance as a banker. Accustomed all his life to taking a microscopic view of money, calculating to a hair the petty amounts of interest and discount, he becomes a mere financial automaton, incapable of generalization. Any fool can dig a ditch, but it requires an engineering genius to fertilize a country by irrigation. Taught suspicion from the time he was a bank runner, he becomes so narrowed by the time he is forty years old that a broad idea would split his head open. And yet this is the Old Fool who is supposed to know everything of finance.

A hen probably knows how many chickens she hatches out, but has no idea whatever how many it will take to supply the market, and so Financial Old Fool Number One knows how great a dividend he will be able to declare at the specified time. And to make the dividend as large as possible is the summit of his ambition. Because he does this by a skillful use of other people's money, furnished him almost free of charge, he gets the "big head," financially, and allows his favorites at the bank who are bought up with "renewed notes" to call him the Napoleon of Finance. Shades of Bonaparte! Is it not a fact that of Americans three greatest financiers, we might say, three only financiers, only one was a banker—Robert Morris, while the other two, Hamilton and Sherman, were never behind a bank counter in their lives. And yet in the face of all history bankers now-a days are worshiped as masters of finance. Every railway engineer knows how to operate an engine, whether it is a good one or a bad one, knows what parts are to be oiled, how to start it as well as stop it, and yet not one in ten thousand could invent one. Any numbskull can use money, invest it and reap returns, but only

a financial genius can regulate the currency of a whole country.

The next consideration is the Financial Old Fool who knows better, but has his foolishness thrust upon upon him. He is generally a politician, and while believing in his inmost soul that the people are wrong on the financial question, yet as that which he disbelieves in is so popular, he swallows his convictions and essays the *role* of leader among financial fools. Sometimes, however, he inherits the dollars of his "daddy," who had real financial ability, and the young Financial Fool steps into the old man's shoes, and comes full-fledged like Minerva. His foolishness is thrust upon him like the logic of a situation.

The last Financial Old Fool is the one born so. Having, however, purposely refrained in this veracious history from dealing with natural born fools, we will only say of the born Financial Old Fool that he always develops into a complete miser in after life, whose only regret was the time lost from making money while he was at his mother's breast and in trying to learn how to walk. And yet there are other fools who think he is a great financial genius, and all because he has cheated his back out of decent clothing and his belly out of civilized food to make a little money. Poor Humanity!

PART FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE POLITICAL OLD FOOLS.

In keeping with the plan of this book, which was to classify each Old Fool with the department to which he naturally belonged, we now enter another and wider field than any perhaps we have hitherto done. The reasons for its being the most extensive is quite obvious, for there is no subject which has engaged and still engages more men than politics. It has been a perplexing problem in all ages, and will still continue to be so in the ages to come. And the reasons for this are quite obvious also, for the same Old Fool has been and ever will be one of its concomitants, and his malign influence has ever been at work. Especially is he powerful in a republic like ours, whose theory, "the majority must rule," gives him unlimited, if not undisputed leadership, as it is well known the fools are always in the majority, and they generally select as their leader the greatest one in the whole lot, which is perfectly natural as well as constitutional.

This being the true state of the case, as might have been expected, the Same Old Fool would appear here in all his glory. And so he does. He has assumed so many aliases that it is often difficult to recognize him. But

as has been said, that when you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar, so it may be said that under whatever guise the Political Old Fool may appear, when you come to analyze him you will find him the Same Old Fool after all, and differing in no essential particulars from the universal tribe. This then is the duty before us, and we will now call your attention to him.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDEPENDENT OLD FOOL.

This specimen of the universal tribe, like all the rest of his brethren, not only knows it all, but even ventures a bowshot beyond that amazing limit of human greatness and assumes that he is the best of all. He professes to believe that all the old parties are in error and their methods so corrupt that such a wise and self-respecting citizen as himself can neither get the consent of his mind nor the sacrifice of his personal self-respect to affiliate with them. He has no desire for office (oh, no) but is entirely moved by patriotic considerations to immolate such a spotless victim as himself upon the political altar. He has a perfect horror of political conventions, especially when he is in a minority, and hates a duly nominated candidate worse than the Devil does holy water. He will stand on no platform except his own, which is generally no broader than a fence-rail at first, but which he usually forsakes when he ascertains which is the winning side. Of the birds of the forest he much resembles the owl in his assumption of profound wisdom, and like him does his most effective work in the dark, after having hooted loudly at the political henroost which he designs to rob.

He sometimes succeed in his deceptions and is elected. But he has hardly gotten warm in his seat before he sells out to the higest bidder, in order to obtain the empty honor of a chairmanship in some committee or else the control of the patronage of his district. Claiming to represent the people, and not a party, as soon as he betrays his constituents by throwing off the mask, like all true renegades, he becomes a bitterer enemy than a professed partisan.

When he is too honest to do this, he is compelled to flock to himself in either Legislative or Congressional halls and has, in consequence, about as much influence in shaping legislation as a Hottentot would in the British parliament. Whatever weight he has is entirely corporeal, and the same number of pounds of beef or pork contributed by his district to the support of Congress or the Legislature would do more good, as a legislator could eat that, while he, even were he eatable, is generally so tough that it would require a whole season to make him tender enough to be devoured. In order to succeed he frequently subsidizes some newspaper already on its last legs, pays the poor devil of a scribe, who descants upon the beauties of non-partisan politics, just money enough to keep his concern from going to pieces until after the election. Should he succeed, the shaky concern aforesaid becomes his organ and loads its columns down with wooden speeches, that never had a listener in Congress, and which are destined to have no readers at home.

Such is the Independent Old Fool at home and abroad, a misnomer and a nuisance, and only to be compared in influence and characteristics to the Partisan Old Fool, who comes next.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRICTLY PARTISAN OLD FOOL.

Rightly applied there is no word in the English language which conveys a more noble idea than the word Fealty. Taken in connection with its synonym Loyalty, they constitute the main pillars on which the temples of Honor, Love and Friendship stand.

Apart from this honorable connection, however, no other two words imply greater debasement of thought and association. Yet, even in their perversion, by association with evil company they still retain, like Satan in Paradise Lost, sad evidences of former greatness and glory. For instance, there is said to be honor among thieves, honor here being synonymous with Loyalty and Fealty, and the word Honor in this connection is recognized at once as being in the worst company imaginable.

All evil, as we take it, is only the perversion of some good, and so when theologasters speak of the origin of evil, they are out of their reckoning, unless the correlated idea of the creation of good is implied. There is then no such thing as the creation of evil, unless the Persian theory of devil creators is admitted. For to say that God created all things and to say that he is infinitely good and yet to say he is the author of something not good is a flat contradiction, in short, an utter absurdity. But this by the way. We are not engaged in writing a theological or metaphysical treatise. Do not be alarmed. We do not intend to poach upon another man's preserves nor to handle straw from which the wheat has been threshed for a thousand years. We have been led into

this train of thought in order to give you a proper definition of a very common and yet very peculiar kind of an Old Fool, to-wit, the Strictly Partisan Old Fool.

Correctly speaking, the Strictly Partisan Old Fool occupies the same position in politics as the Bigoted Old Fool does in the church. As the latter not only knows his particular sect is right but also that yours is wrong, so the Strictly Partisan Old Fool is so fully persuaded that his own political party is right that he cannot conceive that yours has a right to exist, much less to prevail. In consequence of this feeling on his part, he has become a political Jesuit, being fully convinced that the ends justify the means in all cases. He has no scruples against creating a political inquisition within the ranks of his own party, where men, whose convictions coincide with his in the main, and yet deny or oppose resolutions which they deem hurtful to the party, shall be put upon the rack and tortured out of their heresies. But some of his apologists will say, "The Old Fool means well." The deuce he does. So, no doubt, did the Duke of Alva, so no doubt did Catherina de Medicis. Bosh ! The idea of one's meaning well while doing the devil's work !

Sometimes the Strictly Partisan Old Fool edits the organ of his party, and when he does, woe to the luckless knight of the inkhorn who takes a milder view or to the rash man who protests against his course. If they are not whipped in or kicked out they are made of sterner stuff than men usually are. Sometimes a non-partisan organization exists in his district, and when such is the case the amount of friendly advice given him by the Strictly Partisan Old Fool not to sacrifice their great organization by meddling with politics is phenomenal.

He means of course, not to meddle with his politics, for just as soon as he sees it disposed to oppose the politics of the other party he changes his tune, and grows very complimentary indeed touching the organization in question.

This is a great world we live in and no doubt the Strictly Partisan Old Fool has his uses, one of which is to point a moral and adorn a tale. For instance, it has been truly said that prosperity makes friends but adversity tries them. Then it is that when the political party to which the Strictly Partisan Old Fool belongs is in the ascendancy he is the "boss," but when adversity comes there are none so poor as to do him reverence. This course also is an illustration of the truth of Scripture, which says, that what a man soweth that shall he also reap, and inasmuch as he sows proscription he always reaps it sooner or later.

To analyze the constituent elements of a Strictly Partisan Old Fool is to discover an amount of conceit and meanness that is simply colossal. To think that in a supposedly free country, where every man has an inalienable right to his own opinion, there could exist one man or set of men, who shall dictate what another man or set of men shall choose to entertain in regard to the best course to be pursued for the public welfare, is one of the most amazing propositions of the age. When we further consider that this man or set of men who thus dictate are very frequently a set of political as well as business blockheads, it is enough to make one lose his breath with sheer astonishment, to say nothing of indignation. But the idea is to excruciating to pursue it further, and we drop it as well as the subject that called it forth.

PART SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECTIONAL OLD FOOLS.

Geographically the United States is divided into five great sections: The Eastern, Central, Southern and Pacific. Each of these subdivisions has products peculiar to itself. The Eastern, one class of Old Fools, the Central, another and so on with all the rest. As we are impartial on nothing we shall deal with them in the order in which they occur. The first Sectional Old Fool then to which we invite your attention is the New England Old Fool.

The first significant appearance of this Old Fool occurs in Jewish history about 1900 hundred years ago. At that time he was called a Pharisee. He was then as now, a very great stickler for the observance to the letter of the moral law, although he "made no bones whatever of violating its spirit. The best read man of his time, he was the most narrow. His favorite text was, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," to which he added the following post-script: We are the "Lord's, therefore the earth and its fullness are ours." Traces of this remarkable disposition are still extant in the modern edition for they still want "the earth."

Having been overwhelmed for the time being he disappeared as a ruling force in society for over sixteen

hundred years. But in 1640 he again came to the surface, this time in England. The same traits which characterized his ancestors in the remote past again manifested themselves in pristine vigor. As before, they insisted on the observance of the moral law to the letter, however much they may have violated its spirit. They prescribed certain rules for the happiness of mankind, and if one refused to enjoy himself that way he was made to do so or suffer the penalty. Like their ancestors they claimed "the earth," and for a season took possession of it. But at last having been dislodged in England, they sought refuge in the wilds of North America. They came hither in the dead of winter, and their posterity seem never to have recovered from the coldness of their ancestors. They alleged as the reason of their coming hither that they desired to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. This was doubtless correct, and as no one except themselves was supposed to possess such a luxury, they proposed to furnish mankind with one and then of course dictate as to the manner of its use. As a result of this we see one of their number, Roger Williams, who happened to have brought his over the ocean, leaving them in the dead of winter to make his abode with the Indians. The Red man, although a savage, was magnanimous enough to allow him religious liberty. As the country became more settled, the New England Old Fool became more potential in its affairs. He knew it all, and hence according to his idea, the poor Indian who would not embrace Christianity and give up his lands for a string of beads or a tin whistle was exterminated.

In fact, the most horrible idea the New England Old Fool ever had of Hell was that it was a place where every one was compelled to attend to his own business.

The subsequent career of the New England Old Fool is best told in a poem written in Hudibrastic style which we read several years ago, and as it is germane to the subject now under consideration, we give it in full:

“THE ELEPHANT.”

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART FIRST.

About two hundred years ago,
As old colonial records show,
There sprung in these remoter ages,
One of the wisest of the sages,
Who ever at a venture drew
A plan of State or kingdom new.
Yet ere his story must be told,
Some patent truths should be unroll'd,
Which greatly will elucidate
His policy as to the State.
This first, then, must be borne in mind,
By those, who wish to serve mankind,
That no invention can compete
With those producing bread and meat.
In ev'ry age, as well as this,
One's rations never came amiss;
E'en mighty Jupiter, is said
On Hybla's honey to have fed,
Each heathen god, all readers know,
Were famous all for “eating crow,”

Nor should one for a moment think
 Great Cæsar did not eat and drink,
 And be assur'd he did not slight
 His own imperial appetite ;
 And hist'ry tells us Cicero,
 Soon after Pompey's overthrow,
 Ate greedily " Cæsarian crow."
 In short, we've not a grain of doubt,
 Could all the facts be written out,
 That empires rise or " go to rot "
 According as they are fed or not.
 Nor science, letters, skill or learning
 One's stomach ever kept from yearning,
 Unless, embracing in their plan,
 A way to soothe the inner man.
 This organ empty will excite
 The poet to his highest flight,
 Lend eloquence to lips all mute
 Before, of either man or brute,
 Whilst wit and wine, all mortals know,
 Invariably together flow.
 But to return : our hero knew,
 In street parlance, a thing or two ;
 That fame was only a gewgaw
 To one who has an empty maw,
 Tho' it should bear one to the skies,
 Yet none so bent to win the prize
 As set out with an empty belly
 To run the risk of cake and jelly.
 And so a sudden change was wrought
 In all our statesman's train of thought ;
 No more to be a doctrinaire
 To point a moral, split a hair ;
 Another thought supplied him food

Than hero of his neighborhood.
 By some contrivance he had found
 The earth, not square, but nearly round,
 Was never known to try to prove
 By Scripture that "The Sun Do Move."
 He talked about antipodes
 Because he thought, no doubt, that these
 High-sounding words would make belief
 Of all wise men he was the chief.
 From one extreme into another
 He ran, since he could run no further.
 Political economy
 His next employment, but he
 No treatise ever read or saw,
 But intuition gave him law.
 Instead of books he bore instead
 "The Wealth of Nations" in his head.
 This lead him into speculation
 Both for himself and for the nation,
 And sooth to say, this latter spirit
 His pushing offspring all inherit;
 Prefer to manage all affairs
 Except their own, aye run on shares
 The world itself, provided they,
 In their own parlance, "make it pay!"

A PROBLEM.

Our Solon saw, with much distress,
 The land a howling wilderness.
 Not even mighty Hercules,
 Could clear the land of monster trees,
 And drag them off and make it fit
 For cultivation; so his wit

Was set to work to hatch a way
To have it done, and make it pay.
Ere long he hit upon a plan,
(In keeping with the very man),
To solve a problem which just now
Had wrinkles wrought upon his brow.
This was the plan he'd recommend
In working the desired end:
By putting powder 'neath their trunks,
And blowing them at once to chunks.
So like all other innovators,
He tried the first his apparatus.
A white oak large before his door,
Whose height was sixty feet or more,
Whose girth when measured at its base
Some twenty feet or more of space
Contriv'd to hide; we are minute
On points admitting of dispute.
Beneath this tree he dug a hole,
And therein did a barrel roll,
With powder full, enough to blow
The forest king to Jericho.
Then pours his fuse along the ground,
Applies a match and makes a bound
Within his hut and shuts the door,
Stops up his ears and waits the roar.

As if two worlds had knocked together,
With fell design to crush each other,
Was that report, which seemed to shake
The pillars of this globe opaque.
One limb was blown against the door,
And knocked him sprawling on the floor;
Another on his roof was thrown

And madly kick'd his chimney down.
 The statesman scrambled out,—he saw
 A scene of ruin and of awe,
 For all the trees, for yards around,
 Were pil'd, or scattered on the ground.
 A week it took him, labor hard,
 To get the rubbish from the yard ;
 And then, it took a month or more
 To get his "*hum*" as 'twas before.
 As to the plan of felling trees,
 One would have thought he'd stop with these ;
 Yet ere he had the trial made,
 A mightier one posses'd his head.
 Thus, genius never can be spent,
 Save thro' its own, its native bent,
 Tho' water never runs up hill,
 Yet genius does, and ever will ;
 One yields to force of nature blind,
 The other to the laws of mind,
 For genius craves and must inherit
 The higher altitudes of spirit.

THE NEW IDEA.

On Afric's coast he had been told,
 That "*elephants*" were bought with gold,
 Whose trunks alone contain'd the key
 To all of labor's mystery :
 Yet as his wealth would not suffice
 To purchase one, an old device
 He hit upon, co-operation,
 The beau-ideal of his nation.
 And truth to say, they all agreed
 That elephants would serve their need,

So he was authorized to buy
 Enough for all the colony.
 At once he hasten'd to the coast,
 Where Dutchmen traders frequent most,
 And made at once a stipulation
 For elephants for all the nation.
 Now, whilst the trader seeks the coast
 Of Africa, at home they boast,
 "How soon the trees will disappear
 When we receive the cargo here;"
 They dreamed the elephantine snout
 Could pull up trees and drag them out.

At length the mighty cargo came
 Of elephants, the wild and tame.
 It seem'd at first the scheme would pay,
 Experience drove such hopes away;
 The climate was too cold and bleak,
 The elephants grew lean and weak.
 What should they do? not send them back
 To roam again their native track.
 On, no, that scheme would never pay,
 Appear however good it may.
 Besides, it would not suit a school
 Where ev'ry good man's thought a fool.

NECESSITY.

"Necessity can have no law,"
 Was uttered by some luckless "saw,"
 Who found himself within a place
 Which had no outlet but disgrace,
 And us'd it as a valid plea,
 To get out of his villainy.

If right and wrong can have a meaning,
If they are but the idle gleanings
Of men whose smooth and easy fate
Was never put to such a strait,
Then may we use it in the day—
When honesty has ceas'd to pay.
Some witty fellow tells us, too,
(We only wonder how he knew,)
She is the mother of invention,
And other things we may not mention.
Well, if a time had ever been,
That called for all the wit of men,
That time was this, to free the nation
From this animal creation.
The good philosopher was dead
Who put this notion in their head,
And if he now had been about,
Would found that time had put it out.
But his descendants did inherit
The whole of his inventive spirit,
And quickly did they turn about
And find a way to get them out.
They shipped them southward “in a trice,”
And sold them off at a good price.
What next? for verily it seems
Their meat and drink consist in schemes
Of self-advancement, while pretending
Another's rights to be defending.
Turn God, if possible to pelf,
And traffic make of Hell itself.
All this, and many other things
To notice, the next chapter brings.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It happen'd in the course of time—
(Not Pollok's, that is too sublime),
That all the facts I herein pen
Were seen and known of living men ;
For 'tis our purpose in this place
To deal in facts, nor's ek to trace
Man's future misery or grace,—
How he is sav'd or how he's lost,
But chief concerns that mighty host
Of elephants, the wild and tame,
Which we have said from Afric came.
But in so doing we must trace
The darker outlines that deface
A lineage sprung alone in schism,
And muddled now with ev'ry "ism"
That men or devils could invent
To keep from telling what they meant.
And so we will reiterate,
That prior chapter did relate
To an unique and novel trade
That Modern Saints and Sinners made.
In chapter number two we tell
What to these "elephants" befell
Within a more congenial place—
The home of all the dusky race.
So, therefore, without more ado,
His hist'ry there is brought to view.
Know, then, the animal creation,
Like man, has power of propagation,
Like him in many other senses,
Without regard to consequences.
They, therefore, like the human species,

In consequence the owners grew
 Immenseley rich, as would ensue
 To all who mind their own affairs,
 Nor say all things, except their prayers.

SAINTLY JEALOUSY.

Became as numerous as the fishes,
 But still their owners found a way
 To make the dusky creatures “pay;”
 Found him, beside, to be withal,
 Well treated—a good animal.
 The Devil’s workshop, it is said,
 Is found in ev’ry idler’s head;
 No doubt Old Nick there often dwells,
 And makes a thousand little hells
 Of petty spites and jealousies,
 Of envy at another’s ease.
 Indeed, no sore was ever found
 Like that immedicable wound,
 Inflicted when a hated rival
 Contrives to rise by no contrival
 Or help of ours, overleaping
 The bounds we set for his safe-keeping.
 Thus was it, as the sequel shows,
 With those who bought and traded those
 Gigantic animals, which found
 No sustenance on saintly ground.
 An animal, forsooth, till sold
 His value down in dollars told,
 Now found, when others made them pay,
 Their equals almost ev’ry way
 Except in goodness, for the earth
 Trac’d backward to its very birth,

Thro' countless ages, never knew
A race so spotless and so true.

THE PHILANTHROPIC TRIBE.

Next came a philanthropic tribe,
Which beggars language to describe,
Long, lank and lean, and hollow-eyed,
Tho' indigestion long had vied
With death itself, and left within
An aching void, where bile and sin
In equal parts contrived to stay
And keep grim death alone at bay.
Dyspepsia, too, their minds had seiz'd,
And both were equally diseas'd.
Their mental eyelids hung within,
And not without, and hid the sin
That others saw, yet they could see
The mote, the smallest that could be,
That swam within a brother's eye,
And rais'd at once a hue and cry,
As if "the devil were to pay,"
Unless said mote were moved away.
The beam that ever blurr'd their own
They ne'er so much as thought upon;
So great a blindness doth possess
Believers in self-righteousness,
That microscopes cannot detect
A single flaw in God's elect.
Altho' the Devil in his sleeves,
While looking thro' the web he weaves,
Is laughing at them, yet they go
As if old Mother Earth below
would not exist another day
Should Providence take them away.

They soon began to agitate
 On what they termed “the social state”
 Of those, which on a former day,
 They bargain’d for and sold away.
 They fill’d the land with wind and rant,
 With stuff and sanctimonious cant,
 About this self-same elephant.
 Meanwhile, the elephant, content,
 Perform’d the task that he was sent,
 And never dream’d the world without
 Was getting into grief about
 Himself; ‘twas pity thrown away;
 Oh, no, have they not made it pay?

THE ELEPHANT AFORETIME.

Oft where the Nile, or Niger flows
 Thro’ sunny wastes, and brightly throws
 The gleaming sunlight from its breast,
 His memory, at times, in quest
 Of some near object, deign’d to go,
 But where it was he did not know.
 He saw the dark and dismal day
 When he was seized and brought away
 Across the deep and rolling sea,
 Ne’er seen before by such as he.
 Next of the cold and sterile soil,
 Where first he was inur’d to toil,
 The stinging and relentless snow,
 The bitter, biting winds that blow
 Remorselessly through winters long,
 When even birds refuse to song.
 Now, in a hospitable clime,
 Where all the year was summer-time,

Where lark and linnet sweetly sung,
 Where field and farm with music rung;
 Where, when the sun its course had run,
 And all their daily work was done,
 Beneath some tall and stately tree,
 Their keepers sharing in the glee,
 Unto the music of banjo
 They "tripp'd the light fantastic toe."

THE SINNERS.

But best of all, their owners were
 Their keepers, they could love and fear;
 No prating fools who went around
 To fill the earth with empty sound;
 No vowing that their souls would melt
 With pity they had never felt;
 No turning systems inside out,
 No social surgeon 's mad to flout
 Their placards in the face af men,
 No more commandments than "The Ten;"
 No civilization that eschews
 All that is good for the refuse
 And dregs of plutocratic snobs,
 Of one who daily wrings and robs
 Ill-got'en gains from sadder slaves
 Than those the nation pets and saves.
 A daring and impulsive race,
 Which dreaded but one thing—disgrace.
 By nature prone to ridicule
 The cant of puritanic school,
 Or trash of transcendental fool;
 No cold and philosophic breed,
 Dispensing virtues that they need;

No straight-laced ministers, whose shelves
Preach hell to all except themselves.

THE SAINTS.

But volumes it would take to trace
The humors of the saintly race,
For since *Pere Adam* first began
To people this wide world with man,
There never has before existed
A people so perverse and twisted
With vices, virtues, both so blended,
Where one began, the other ended,
No one could tell, and we despair
Of telling mankind what they are.
Red, brown and black, (in chief the latter),
Seemed mingled in social platter.
All things in Heaven, earth or hell,
(If they but serve their purpose well),
They use without the least dismay,
Provided, always, that it pay.
We have been told their first appearance
Upon this earth was interference
With things established long ago,
And which they tried to overthrow,
But in their turn were driv'n out
For being rather too devout.
Their deep abhorrence, too, of witches,
Of luxury and handsome breeches;
Their gloomy love and sour looks,
Their deep antiphanies to books,
Save of the heavy solemn kind,
Which treat of all to hell consign'd,
Except themselves; their moral law,

Worse than Egyptian “bricks and straw ;”
 Their solemn, sanctimonious airs,
 Their fondness for the longest prayers ;
 The rueful cant and nasal twang,
 With which they either spoke or sang ;
 Their loud profession in all places
 To sanctity, the very traces,
 The Devil wrote upon their faces,
 To mark them always as his own,
 No matter where they might have gone.
 Yet all their cunning and conceit
 Can never cover up the cheat,
 For “wooden nutmegs” will betray
 A leaning not to Virtue’s way.’

PHILOSOPHERS AMONGST THE SAINTS.

Now came a philosophic race
 With full abilities to trace
 The source of ev’ry ill or good,
 Befall’n mankind since the flood.
 These deep philosophers were giv’n
 To speculate on earth as Heav’n.
 Saw universal love pervading
 The paths to glory, they were grading ;
 Saw all peoples, kindreds, tongues
 Mix and Nature do no wrongs ;
 Saw all prejudice and passion
 Of natures foreign, in one fashion ;
 Saw white and smutty Hottentot
 Both boiling in a common pot,
 And what one never reads in fable,
 Both eating at a common table ;
 Saw Dutchman and his *liebe bier*

Dissolve and part for water clear ;
 Saw Erin and her sons forsake
 Their hate of Britain and partake
 Of British cheer at British boards,
 And even toast the House of Lords ;
 Saw valet and her queenly "marm"
 In public, walking arm in arm ;
 Saw mistress and her slutty maid,
 The genius and the worthless jade
 All on a level and a grade
 Hence, Gentle Reader, do not doubt
 There's aught impossible, without
 Some sudden freak shall mar the plan,
 They'll prove that man is more than man,
 And that ere long the brute creation
 Will occupy your former station.

CONCLUSION.

'Tis well to recapitulate
 At times, and thus more clearly state
 What has been written once before,
 For explanation's sake, no more,
 Or else the story will be stale,
 And "tedious as a twice-told tale."
 Be it remembered then, the trade
 'The Modern Saints with Sinners made,
 Concerning elephants, wherein
 The Saint's abhorrence of the sin
 Of selling those which later day
 They found their equals ev'ry way
 Does not appear; but now began
 A war of words that puzzled man.
 For, strange as it may seem, they strove

By ev'ry argument to prove
That lines alone of latitude
Did separate the bad from good,
And that the Devil never strolled
In countries where the climate's cold ;
The modern earthly paradise
Were hedg'd about with snow and ice ;
Frost-bitten piety the sort,
Admitting one to Heaven's Court
Or frozen goodness alone,
Were in demand around the throne :
That sin and shame are never found
Where snow and ice and frost abound ;
That wickedness has its retreat
Alone in climes of warmth and heat ;
That each and every age displays
Some vice peculiar to its days
They did admit, but 'twas before
Their race had trod the earthly floor,
That men would cheat and lie and steal
And cloak it with religious zeal ;
That even Quakers had been maim'd
Whipt at cart's tails when they nam'd
Religious freedom, Williams sent
Thro' pathless woods in banishment
To find in hearts of savage chiefs
A home and solace for his griefs.
Caligula drive his furious steeds
Thro' streets where his near kinsman bleeds ;
Sylla and Marius proscribe
Rome's noblest for the meanest bribe ;
Robespierre for the horrid store
That he had shed of human gore

Might find forgiveness for those crimes
 Defenseless even in those times,
 But pardon never will they grant
 To one who own'd an elephant.

A nos moutons, we now return
 Where heroes for the conflict burn
 Each lesser saint to greater bow'd,
 Horse, foot, dragoons, a motley crowd,
 Until Utopia became
 Confusion worse than a Bedlam.
 Ye gods! how wind and thunder roll'd
 From such as lately bought and sold,
 With what pathetic frenzy told,
 How "elephants" from day to day
 In sighs and tears groaned life away.
 At times the saintly billingsgate
 Was measureless, invoking fate,
 And all the furies out of hell
 To come at once the curse to quell:
 Pronounc'd the "Writ" that gave them breath,
 "A league and covenant with death,"
 And leaving all the means they saw,
 Began to preach the "Higher Law,"
 Tho' it should ruin fabric rear'd
 By patriots whom the world rever'd,
 For that alone which time would damn
 Without recourse to cant or sham,
 Great souls there were on either side,
 Who sought to stem the dreadful tide,
 One who in prophetic awe,
 His country's desolation saw;
 He warn'd them of their coming fate,

His sole reward—his country's hate.*
 Another prayed the beauteous Sun,
 Whose beams he last might gaze upon,
 Might never shine upon a State
 Drench'd in fraternal blood, but fate
 Took his capacious soul away
 Before the horrors of that day.*

It came, alas, the dreadful day,
 A million homes in mourning lay.
 As fire and sword in fury swept
 O'er fields that late with harvests slept,
 And sow'd the earth, above, beneath,
 With Hell's own idea, dragons' teeth.
 "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
 Will rise superior ty her pain,
 The nations of the earth will know
 Who struck the fratricidal blow
 When heroes of the Blue and Gray
 Shall each to each due homage pay,
 And scorn with all their martial souls
 The cowards base and venal ghouls,
 Who shunned the conflict they had bred,
 And lived but to malign the dead.
 'Tis done, the elephant is free,
 His master slave instead of he.

*Calhoun.

*Webster.

CHAPTER III.

THE CENTRAL OLD FOOL.

Shakspeare says some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. In like manner, some men are born fools, some become fools, and some have foolishness thrust upon them. The Central Old Fool belongs to the latter category. By virtue of commercial situation, his section became the financial center of the Union. In consequence of this the Central Old Fool soon distanced in a material sense the other less favored sections of the country. As a result of this combination of circumstances in his favor, and with which he had no more to do than he did in the creation of the globe, he became a first-class fool, arrogating to himself, like any other Old Fool in the universe, all the wisdom of certain kinds going. For instance, he pretends to believe that outside of Wall Street, no one knows anything about finance at all. In consequence, he dictates the financial policy of the government with all the assurance of a town cow eating hay out of the hind gate of a countryman's wagon. He dictates to that little puppet who dwells in the White House what he shall say in his message concerning the free coinage of silver and other financial matters with the air of a complete master. He tells Congress whom to place at the head of the Ways and Means Committee. His finger is felt in the Appropriations Committee also, and should it fail to pony up a couple of millions for the annual blowing out of Hell Gate, he raises "Cain" at home.

He is also possessed with the idea that there is but one city and State in the Union, and that is New York, and woe be to the sap-headed politician who thinks otherwise. Although always fighting each other like a lot of Kilkenny cats, they dictate terms as to political policies to the other States, and even go further and try to create the idea that without taking a candidate from New York for the Presidency is to invite defeat. Of course the Central Old Fool pretends to believe this, but he doesn't. He thinks he is the lion, and wants the lion's share, that is the milk in the political cocoanut.

But the vanity of the Central Old Fool now and then gets a rap which is calculated to teach him a little modesty if nothing else. A few years ago he demanded the World's Fair and expected Congress would tender it to the great city of New York in a silver card basket, accompanied with a resolution of thanks from that subservient body for the honor conferred upon it by merely asking for it. When it was refused the wrath of the Central Old Fool exploded so loudly that Manhattan Island was shaken as if with an earthquake, and the denizens of Gotham have been fighting mad ever since.

Still the Central Old Fool has one or two things to console him for this irreparable loss. He has the white elephant of the Democratic party, Grover Cleveland; the black sheep of the Republican party, Tom Platt, and Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WESTERN OLD FOOL.

The general impression concerning a hypocrite as to his personal appearance is that he is lean, lank, lanthorn-

jawed and hollowed-eyed, with an affected little cough which seems to convey the idea "I am not long for this sinful world." It always has been amazing to me that so good a judge of human nature as Charles Dickens should have made such an egregious blunder as to draw Pecksniff as he did. Why, all your genuine hypocrites are fat. And why should they not be? A man who regards himself as perfection itself in his calling, of all men, is best calculated to take on an extra amount of adipose tissue. Look at that sly old rogue, Jack Falstaff, the greatest of hypocrites, "larding the lean earth as he walks along." Look at Parson Trulliber, one of Fielding's masterpieces, as fat as any porker in his pen.

Oh, no! The lean idea of a hypocrite, although the conventional one, is all wrong. The hypocrite in religion, as usually drawn, is no hypocrite at all. He is only a poor fellow-mortal suffering from an acute attack of piety caused by a disordered liver. Why, the greatest hypocrite this writer ever knew was as fat as Falstaff, and a member of the Methodist church at that. He was one of the jolliest old coons in the whole church. You could hear him laugh a half a mile on a frosty morning. And yet a more covetous, grasping old rascal never pressed the earth with a number ten shoe. He was the personification of good humor, when it cost him nothing. But when the stewards of the church, by way of a joke, called on him for quarterage, he became as sad and solemn as an obelisk, and put up such a pitiful cry of distress as would have drawn tears from an Egyptian crocodile. He was a fair sample of the whole tribe of hypocrites in the church or out of it.

This is, we confess, a rather round-about way to get at the Western Old Fool, but there are so many points of

resemblance between them that we could not well proceed without having taken the course we have.

Your genuine Western Old Fool is noisy to begin with. His lung power is terrific, and when he opens his mouth in Congress, which is as often as he gets a chance, the vast building rocks with the volume of sound, as if an earthquake was passing. His favorite topic is the tariff, of which he is a complete master, and the way he makes the fur fly from the protective tariff barons of the East is a sight to behold. He poses as the farmer's friend, and yet the latter has no use for him, and will not even admit him into his order. He is the most prolific member of either House or Senate, and his "wooden" speeches are piled breast high in the lumber room of the government printing office.

His own having produced Abraham Lincoln, he looks with disdain upon the pigmy politicians of the other sections. Possessing the Mississippi river, he scarcely deigns to look out of his window as the train crosses the insignificant streams of the East. From that region of vastness, velocity and vice, when he gets to Washington he is cramped. And yet the poor old goose, who has never been inside the Capitol of the nation before, struts down Pennsylvania avenue to the White House with all the complacency of a future occupant. He is shown into the *green room*, and after cooling his heels for a couple of hours without having obtained an audience of His Majesty, leaves there a sadder if not a wiser man.

He is a born financier, and would long since have flooded the whole country with an irredeemable paper currency could he have had his way.

But the Western Old Fool has one redeeming trait. He can be convinced of his error and become a wiser

man. Recognizing this fact, we commend to him the following wise suggestion, which lately came into our possession—it does not matter how:

“He who thinks he knows it all,
Is sure upon his nose to fall,
But he who sometimes has a doubt
Of this, will thereby save his snout.”

CHAPTER V.

THE PACIFIC OLD FOOL.

Every schoolboy or girl in the United States and Europe to as for that matter, has heard of the mammoth trees of California, but not one, we dare say, in a hundred ever read a line of the mammoth Old Fools who flourish in the same highly-favored and gigantic region.

As the conceit of the Same Old Fool is always in keeping with the amount of his ignorance, we might expect to encounter some of the biggest fools in the United States on the Pacific Slope. Nor have we been disappointed. To establish this fact let us examine his output and judge the mine of his foolishness by that practical test. In the first place, he brags of having the finest climate in the world. Does that show that he has any more sense than anybody else? Did he invent the climate? No. He has less sense in proportion to climate than any other fool under the sun. Then he claims that it is the richest portion of the globe. Well, what of that? Did he make it rich? No; but on the contrary it has been getting poorer ever since he set foot in it.

But he says it is the “free-est” country in the world. We admit that, for the devil and his satellites, the hoodlums of San Francisco have thrown God and morality to

the winds, and in consequence they have no Sabbath, and the cowboy who has bagged the most game, that is, assassinated the most men is their ideal of a hero and a gentleman. The Pacific Old Fool has a perfect contempt for an Eastern gentleman, and calls him a "tenderfoot," evidently oblivious of the fact that a tender foot is much to be preferred to a tender head. Their conceit in dress is abnormal, and in consequence their "get up" is calculated to frighten children and nervous women out of their wits. Their favorite pose for a picture is sitting astride of a Texas pony, with a pair of boots reaching nearly to the waist, the heels of which are ornamented with savage looking spurs, which at this distance appear to be a foot long. As we climb their anatomy, we find their bodies encased in a hunting-shirt, and the belt which confines it is studded so thick with pistols as to lead one to believe he is the veriest coward on earth. Indeed his favorite expression is "getting the drop" on his antagonist, and killing him without giving him the ghost of a chance. But, if his bodily environment is unique, his head gear is *sui generis*. It generally consists of an immense shock of hair, reaching half way down his back, and which appears as if it had not known the civilizing influences of a comb for six months. An exception, however, must be made in favor of his *mustachios*, which are evidently well oiled and curled, to give him as ferocious an aspect as possible. Indeed ferocity seems to be his idea as to gentility. Surmounting all this mass of hair and whiskers comes the crowning piece in the shape of an immense Mexican sombrero, which throws, as it were, all his other perfections in the shade. And this is a faithful picture of the Pacific Old Fool, whose conceit causes him to speak with contempt

of the effete civilization of the East. A pretty specimen indeed to view with contempt anything—except himself.

But we have already given him much more space than he deserves, and at this point we drop him and leave him alone in his glory.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SOUTHERN OLD FOOL.

It is a well-known fact that all warm countries, when well watered, are noted for their rank, luxuriant and abundant vegetation. But whether the climate of a country or section has anything to do with the rankness of its typical fools we are not prepared to say. Be this as it may, of all the fools extant the, Southern Old Fool takes the cake. They are divided into two great southern classes, which, by way of distinction, we shall call the ante-bellum and the post-bellum species. We will begin with the ante-bellum first. This species of Old Fool lives almost wholly in the past. He cannot accommodate himself to his modern environments, and as he cannot persuade the rest of his progressive fellow-citizens to revert to the effete customs of the past, he thereby becomes solitary as well as singular. His favorite topic in conversation or in print is, "The good old times before the war." Of course he claims cavalier descent. This specimen first appeared in history as a distinct species during the Crusades. Richard Cour de Lion was the most shining example of the tribe in his day. He is then seen for several centuries flitting over Europe, and calling himself a "Knight in the days of chivalry." But when chivalry was shivered by Cervantes in Spain, he

disappeared as a distinct class for a century or two, but reappeared in England during the reign of Charles I. Being again overthrown, he disappeared from public life during the Protectorate. But when the Restoration came he was once more to the fore, and has held the reins of power in England ever since, and is there known as an aristocrat, which he is in law, though not always in fact. Well, it so happened about the year 1607 that the English government began to colonize America, and among the rest along came the ancestors of the Ante-Bellum Old Fool. A lazier set never set foot on any shore. They called themselves of "gentle blood," to which many of them had a right from being the natural sons of aristocratic scape-graces and libertines in England. From the very first he was sensitive and lazy, so much so that Captain John Smith, who had to contend with him at Jamestown, found him so much opposed to manual labor that he was compelled to declare as the law of the colony that those who would not work should not eat. He was then, as now, too much of a cavalier to work, but none too much of a gentleman to live upon the unpaid labor of another.

Being a prime favorite as a matter of course with the select circle in England, he found no difficulty in obtaining immense grants of land in the wilds of the South, and having erected a house thereon, procured a lot of negroes, and gotten a pack of hounds, set himself up as an aristocrat of the most approved order. This farce lasted until after the Revolutionary war, when by the adoption of the Federal Constitution, his aristocracy existed only in his own conceit, as that instrument expressly forbade any titles significant of classes, and as an aristocracy cannot exist without this, it disappeared. The Ante-

Bellum Old Fool still kept up the farce, however, and does so until this day, notwithstanding the last prop that supported it—negro slavery—was knocked from under it. This last resource being gone, the efforts of the Ante-Bellum Old Fool to keep up appearances, were they not so ludicrous, would be pitiable. For a long time after the late war they called themselves “the best people,” but as the main body of the people could not be brought to believe it on their own testimony, and refused to give them all public positions, they were compelled to take off their coats (a horrible thing for a cavalier to do) and go to work, or starve. Those who had the grit to do so soon bettered their fortunes, but the Ante-Bellum Old Fool, proud of his glorious ancestry, whose glory (if they had any) consisted in chiefly horse-racing and fox-hunting, would listen to nothing of the kind. He was born a gentleman, and would live like one, even if he died in the poor-house. This is his motto, and unless he changes it he is very likely to exemplify it.

The traits of the Ante-Bellum Old Fool are peculiar. He is a Bourbon to begin with wherever you find him, and he is generally to be found at the corner grocery, whittling sticks and discussing politics. The sight of one in a corn-field, tobacco-patch or work-shop would be a curiosity. As the keeper of a museum is wont to name his curiosities to visitors, so does the groceryman introduce the Ante-Bellum Old Fool by saying, “Allow me to introduce you to [Judge or Colonel] So and so.” He is too much of a gentleman himself to wound the sensitive Old Fool’s feelings by calling him Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones.

Socially he is very exclusive as regards his own race, when poor, much preferring to have negroes around him

than "poor white trash." Indeed, during slavery days he encouraged his slaves with the idea of their superiority to a Caucasian who chanced to be poor. Since the war not a few of them have gone into literature to dispel the charge of cruelty to their servants, and their pictures of a "Southern Planter's Home" is true to the letter. A fine house, surrounded by nice cottages for well-fed, well-clad and jolly negroes; undeniable friendships existing on the entire place between the happy pickaninnies and the children of the "great house," associating and eating together like brothers and sisters, while the child of a poor white was afraid to put his foot on the place, and in some instances had the dogs set after him by the negro chaps when he attempted to do so. Useless to try to prove the negro was well treated in slavery in order to appease northern fanatics. Better try to explain away your unfeeling conduct towards members of your own race.

The poor whites are the people to whom the issue of the war meant freedom from the most galling social ostracism and slavery the world ever saw. Even now, when sensible people, foreseeing the fearful possibilities of a race conflict in the future, are urging the deportation of the negroes to Africa or elsewhere, The Ante-Bellum Old Fool and negrophobist opposes it. It still delights his foolish heart to be surrounded by negroes and be called "Master." It may be in the course of time he will ascertain that the war is over, slavery dead, aristocracy dead and that peace, liberty and manhood are recognized as greater blessings to the individual man, as well as to the nation at large, than strife, servitude and descent from a supposititious great man in England or elsewhere, who for all he can prove to the contrary, may

have been the greatest rascal living in his day, and who only escaped exposure through the partiality or clemency of his sovereign. The great bulk of the Southern people are well descended from well-defined families in the old countries, and not only treated their slaves well but their poor white neighbors justly. But the Ante-Bellum Old Fool would rather be the bastard son of a scoundrelly duke than the legitimate son of an honest carpenter. His obscure pretensions to "gentle blood" is unadulterated presumption and nonsense. And their conduct proves, that even if so descended, that we are mistaken in the honor that gentle blood is supposed to confer. No true Southern gentleman ever was, or never will be a flunky, nor claim descent from an inferior stock, whether it bears the king's brand or not. He is a gentleman by instinct as well as descent, while the parvenue is neither. Every neighborhood, however, has a Southern Old Fool in it, claiming descent from some old robber baron or cut throat count in Europe who accompanied that old marauder William III to England in the year 1100, and who by virtue of having destroyed the liberties of England, was ennobled by the title of Conqueror.

But, with all his shortcomings, we much prefer his society to that of his opposite, the Post-Bellum variety, whose lineaments we now propose to draw as a companion picture.

THE POST BELLUM OLD FOOL.

Whether man ascended from the lower animals or not is a vexed question among scientists, and while there are many coincidences which seem to support it, yet there are so many conclusions which can be logically drawn against it, that it may be still set down as an un-

verified hypothesis. One great drawback to its full acceptance is what is known as "The Missing Link," a term first invented by Darwin himself.

The highest order of ape has much more in common with the lowest order of its own species than it has with the lowest type of man. Whereas, were the hypothesis of Evolution true, it should more nearly approach the latter.

But the theory of Evolution aside, the Post-Bellum Old Fool comes more nearly supplying "The Missing Link" than any other animal which has been so far discovered. In many respects he is an ape of the first water. One of his most noted characteristics is his attempted imitation of wisdom. Because a few great intellects, such as John C. Calhoun, John Minor Botts and Daniel Webster saw the shadows before of coming events, he turns prophet after the fact, and when one of the most doubtful wars in all history as to its final results closed adversely to his section, nothing on earth gave him more solid comfort than saying "I told you so." But we shall deal with him under present environments. His great hobby is what he calls "adapting himself to circumstances." Realizing that the social fabric of the South has been hopelessly overthrown, he conceives the idea that the best possible course for his section to pursue is a servile concession that the South was wrong and the North was right. Lacking in true nobility of mind, he cannot appreciate the beauties of the highest type of civilization that ever existed in this or any other country. In consequence, nothing delights more his sordid soul than in seeing Yankee notions prevail. Being a social nobody, as a general thing, nothing gives him more comfort than the poverty and humiliation of his

superiors in every worthy respect, and yet, strange to say, such is his inconsistency and apish tendencies that he would endeavor to create an aristocracy of money in place of that of descent and merit. Imbibing to the full the Yankee idea of progress, he has a contempt for such pursuits as have no tendency towards mere utility and money making. Denied in early life an opportunity of receiving a classical education himself, he has a contempt for it in others, and the only reason the old goose educates his children, if he has any, at all, is because he imagines it will add somewhat to his social status. He believes at heart that all book learning is a useless appendage, and not at all necessary to business. Should one of his tribe have sense enough to have an article accepted in one of our Northern reviews, it is generally written in such a spirit of abject flattery of Northern civilization as to nauseate all sensible people, North or South. Believing, as he does, that all Southern statesmen are more or less fools like himself, he has but one theory of finance, that of Wall Street; one system of political action, that of Massachusetts; and one idea of government, centralization. The old imbecile thinks these ideas are original in himself, whereas, they have only lodged in his dull brain by persistent reading of his only source of information—the Northern newspapers.

Strange to say, the Post-Bellum Old Fool is a decided business success, and the duller he is the more successful he seems to be. You will find him installed as president of our City Councils, our Boards of Trade, and enterprises of large pith and moment where his owl-like gravity passes for supreme wisdom. He is frequently called upon in his official capacity to deliver a few re-

marks, and in so doing, unless he is a man of more than ordinary common sense, he puts his foot into it every-time. As a general thing, however, on such occasions he employs the talents of some other man to give him a send-off. It is an old saying that every dog has his day, and with all due apology to the canine species, which as a general thing has sagacity enough to keep its mouth shut at the proper time, the Post-Bellum Old Fool has his "innings." Especially is this true in our cities where hustling, sharp practice and ill manners are considered good business traits, while book-learning, refinement, courtesy, politeness, conscientious dealing and fair play generally, are regarded as not giving much promise of success, and where success alone hides every fault and too often in many instances even proven knavery. Such being the case, of course the Post-Bellum Old Fool, who has neither the reputation of illustrious ancestors to sustain and whose chief memory of the past is when he lived on ash-cake and butter milk, is held in honor in urban society where he is the king bee on account of his wealth. No wonder that society in our cities as a general thing turns up its plebeian nose at culture without cash. No wonder that Miss Low-born, who has been taught by her "pappy" and "mammy" that she is better than well-bred people who are poor, regards it as a capital joke when anyone in her "set" is waited upon by a poor gentleman. No wonder that a *soiree*, composed of old as well as young Post-Bellum Fools, is a social menagerie, worth far more to a student of natural history than the most elaborate circus that travels through the land, for herein may be found birds of every feather from the vulture to the tom-tit. While this is true of many of our cities where the Ante-Bellum Old Fool, who

whatever else may be said about his idiosyncrasies, was was every inch a gentleman, has been "snowed under." It does not hold as good yet in the country, for here the Post-Bellum Old Fool is in a minority. He is fast coming to the front, however, for the power of pelf is fast gaining ground, and in a few years we shall see the descendants of overseers, *black-smiths*, tanners and rum sellers constituting our very best society. In fact, in neighborhoods this is already virtually the case, and the chief man in it, one who before the war was nothing but "poor white trash," so ignorant that he didn't know B from a bull's foot. What a miserable substitute for that splendid society, which developed character that felt a stain like a wound, which gave to its country such names as Washington, Calhoun and Lee in the days when honor, statesmanship and purity was the rule and not the exception in public life. That the reign of the Post Bellum Old Fool, south of Mason's and Dixon's line at least may be shot, is our sincere prayer.

But would you know the ideal modern Southern man read the life of Henry W. Grady, of whose untimely death the poet sang:

HENRY W. GRADY.

Ah ! He is dead the wires say,
Fit medium if such news be true,
A soul electric, born to sway,
He is not dead but lost to view.

He is not dead, he cannot die
So long as eloquence shall move,
The human heart or dim the eye,
With thoughts of power, words of love.

Mourn Empire State, thy peerless one,
Thy grief, a mighty nation-shares,
Weeps with Thee o'er thy matchless son,
And feels with Thee the loss it bears.

Thank God, that to the South He gave
 This mighty heart, this master mind—
 This gulf-stream warming ev'ry wave,
 Of feeling by His love of kind.

Upon New England's sterile shore,
 Or in his own lov'd southern clime,
 In witching words he ne'er forebore,
 To plead with eloquence sublime,

For peace and harmony between
 The sections torn by mutual hate.
 God grant his hope may yet be seen,
 The glorious sisterhood of states.

The legacy he has left outweighs
 The glory of an Austerlitz,
 For peace and love and willing praise,
 Support the throne on which he sits.

No meanness marred his master mind,
 Clear as the noonday sun he shone,
 And e'en in dying, left behind,
 A light that must shine on and on.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EUROPEAN OLD FOOL.

'The average flunkey who dwells in a city indulges in much asinine amusement over what he calls the *greenness* of people living in the country. He imagines that wisdom, when he shuffles of this mortal coil, will die with him. If the little sap-headed, spindle-shanked manikin could only see himself as he really is, he would perceive that he was only the parody of a man, and a poor one at that. As a matter of fact a typical inhabitant of a town will not begin to compare in profound information with his country cousin. His whole object

in life, if a merchant, is to keep pace with his rivals and and watch the market. If a society man or woman, to cater to all the whims of fools as silly as himself, and even should he begin this wretched business, with a good mind and a well trained intellect, yet a few years contact with people whose whole stock of conversation is unadulterated nonsense, will make him or her as complete a fool as the rest, and you hear nothing from him or her but "dress," "good or bad form," and other choice bits of criticism concerning the last assembly of dunces which was graced by his presence.

Ministers, even, who preach to city audiences in any other than a plain, practical way, might as well be singing psalms to a dead horse so far as effecting any good is concerned. If you wish to see ignorance, not only of God's Word, but of science, philosophy and art, go to the city, and you will find it in perfection. Why, nearly everybody in a city is simply a hustler after money, and if he wishes to stay there, must continue to do so, or leave. Beyond "posting" ledgers, weighing coffee, sugar, meat and lard, or measuring cloth and gazing at cost-marks to ascertain the very last cent at which it can be sold to make any profit at all, what time has a poor wight living in a city to cultivate his mind? It is true he makes a pretence of reading the morning paper while eating his breakfast, but what he gets out of that is generally such sorry stuff that a good healthy intellect would starve to death on it in less than twelve months. Now, these are the people who profess to find so much amusement over country people. The truth of the whole matter is, no class of people on the face of the globe can compare with American farmers on the score of intelligence and honesty as a class. He is not only a

natural philosopher, by having an almost unrestricted range for observing natural phenomena of the earth and skies, but it is to his interest to do so. No pent up Utica in the shape of a little patch of sky to be seen from the back-yard of a city residence, or overhead from a crowded thoroughfare, confines his powers of observation, but the whole heaven, from horizon to horizon, blazing with jewels, is his by night, while animated nature, "from early morn until dewy eve," with all of its sights and sounds, the music of birds, the roar of waterfalls, the vast clouds piled upon each other, like Pelion upon Ossa, all these, too, are his, and thousands of others. Nor must we omit the coup de grace—the evening fireside. Around these sacred altars are gathered children—future men and women—who are not only the hope of our country, but almost the sole reliance for the perpetuity of our republic. From these come our statesmen, our orators and our poets; from these come our Lucretias and Portias, our Mary and Martha Washingtons.

One more observation. The farmer takes time for the cultivation of his mind. Corn and tobacco grow while it rains, but a tradesman's crop needs continual cultivation, and so while the latter is at his shop on the lookout for stray customers, the latter is sitting upon a split-bottomed chair, with a cheerful log fire in front of him, reading some masterpiece of the human mind, or perhaps still better, making himself yet more familiar with the marvelous story of the Son of Mary.

But it is high time we were coming to the point of this article. We set out to describe a set of Old Fools with which all our American readers are more or less familiar. We mean the European Old Fool. There is so much in common between him and the City Old Fool

that we could not resist the temptation to give the latter a whack by way of preface.

We will now endeavor to show to an enlightened but appreciative American public that the man whom they have heretofore so much delighted to honor, because "he's English, you know," is simply the same Old Fool whom we have been describing all along. He has every trait of the universal tribe, only his "knowing it all" has more cock-suredness about it than all the rest put together, while his insolence is perfectly sublime. He generally hails from Britain, but to make sure, we shall call him the European Old Fool. In nearly every case he has written a book before coming hither, and when he has gotten about all the American dollars he ever expects to get, he pays us a visit. His reception is most flattering. All the Anglo-maniacs in the country honor him by wining and dining and monocles. His journey through the country is like a triumphal procession. In due course of time he leaves us. Hardly has he gotten back to "Lunnun" before he is out in a publication, intended to be sarcastic, in which he endeavors to belittle everything he either saw, heard, felt or smelt. And if we may judge from the stress he lays upon the latter sensation, we would infer that American odors possessed an irresistible attraction for him while on this side of the Atlantic. He professes to have discovered that every American city has a smell peculiar to itself. From whence we may conclude that even if lacking in anything else, he is certainly an authority on foul odors, and we believe our government would do well to present him with a medal setting forth his nasal achievements.

But we might put up with the European Old Fool if he would confine himself to smelling our cities, but when

he goes to criticising our government, the thing is insufferable. Just to think of an European Old Fool coming over here and criticising "the best government the world over saw"—a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, when the people of his own country never had sense enough to govern themselves, and are compelled to pay a ruler (and a woman at that) several millions of dollars a year to do it for them. Just to think of an European Old Fool coming over here and criticising our railways, when even a lady is not safe from brutal assault in a first-class car in his own immaculate clime. Just to think of an European Old Fool coming over here and criticising our hotels, warmed throughout, and lighted by electricity free of charge, when the landlords of his own, charge extra for every two-inch tallow dip the traveller finds it necessary to use, besides turning loose his no-pay servants to eke out a living by "tips" upon each guest. Just to think of an European Old Fool coming over here and criticising our social system, when his own is so rotten that the jails of his own country are insufficient to hold its criminals, and who are sent over by the ship-load. Just to think of an European Old Fool criticising our women, when his own are compelled to work in the fields, like beasts of burden, or stand behind bar-counters and hand out "distilled damnation," while listening to the coarse and loud jests of men besotted by liquor. Just to think of an European Old Fool coming over here and criticising a country which in less than one hundred years has so far outstripped his own (a thousand years old) in the science of invention, that mankind has ceased to expect a new idea in Europe, and instinctively turn to America as humanity's best hope.

But all the fools on this side are not dead yet, and so in spite of all we have written, the European Old Fool will continue to come oyer here, criticise and ridicule us, and find a plenty of other Old Fools over here to agree with him. *Verbum sat.*

PART SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CLERICAL OLD FOOL.

“Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” and although prepared to encounter the Same Old Fool everywhere else, we must confess that when we came in upon him behind the sacred desk we were surprised not a little. That he should aspire to the leadership of a political party, know it all in society and be a boss in literature, science and business was a thing to be expected by any one acquainted with his characteristics. But that he should be found expounding the Word of God, and pointing the way to salvation is enough to make one weep. And yet it is so. That they are not called of God is evident from the fact that He does not call fools to preach the gospel. A man may be considered a fool by the world for doing so, and the gospel may seem to be foolishness to such as are wise in their own conceit, yet all the same the Scriptures give no account of any such being called to preach.

Now, the Same Old Fool in the pulpit assumes as many shapes there as he does elsewhere, and the reason of this is also plain, for every Old Fool in the universe is the product of his own conceit and vanity. This being so, it necessarily follows that there are many kinds engaged in the sacred calling, and in order to label them

properly, we shall be compelled, as we have been hitherto, to give each one the benefit of a whole chapter to himself. The first then to which we invite your attention is

THE IGNORANT OLD FOOL.

This specimen, while not so numerous as the rest, is still extant. He professes to have a great contempt for human "larnin'," as being especially wicked as well as worthless from a ministerial standpoint. Because, forsooth, he reads in the New Testament that the Apostles were told not to premeditate what they should say, but would have the assistance of Divine power, they mount the stand unprepared, and in consequence such rambling discourses are uttered that no one out of Bedlam ever heard the like before. To say the Lord directs them to utter such nonsense would be blasphemy if the Old Fool had sense enough to commit such a sin. We have a better opinion of the Lord than to believe he inspires such foolishness. Owing to the inspiration of the founders of Christianity, many things in the present day are saddled upon the Lord, without the least warrant in Scripture or anywhere else except in the conceit of addlepates, dunces and ignoramuses. Samuel Davis, one of the greatest of preachers, said, when asked if he ever preached extemporaneously, "No; for I think it is a fearful thing to talk nonsense before the Lord." But the Ignorant Old Fool has a horror in the other direction. He talks as though he thought it a fearful thing to speak good English before his Maker. The Old Fool has never heard of, much less read Shakspeare, and in consequence repeats himself whenever he opens his mouth in public. His style of speaking, which is sing-song, has one beneficial effect however; it is conducive to sleep, and the

world needs sleep much more than it does this kind of preaching. But occasionally he touches upon a tender chord, as the following anecdote will show.

One of those Heavenly-Whine Old Fellows was pegging away one day, when an old sister who sat just in front of him began to weep. Noting this, the old man raised his voice an octave higher and preached the Everlasting Gospel—which is generally the case when he starts. At the conclusion he came down to where the old lady was, and said to her: “Sister, during the discourse I saw you er-weepin’. I’ve been preachin’ the Gawspel for nigh onto fifty year, and I don’t know as I’ve been the means of savin’ one soul, and if I have saved your soul I am willin’ to die.” The old woman made no reply but wept the louder. Seeing which the old man resumed: “Well, sister, if I have not saved your soul, will you not tell me what part of the discourse affected you so?” “Well,” said the old lady, “If I must I will. About thirty years ago, I had an old cow and her name was Rose. And she used to come up just as regular as clockwork. One evening she didn’t come up, and I went out to look fur’er. And I said to her ‘sir dan,’ Rose! And she give me one look, and ah, that look! And then she lowed, and when she lowed *she went exactly the way you preach!*” Poor old woman, the great deep of affectionate memories had been broken up by the old man. We do not wonder that she wept. It was enough to make angels weep.

But if the Ignorant Old Fool is ridiculous, the Learned Old Fool, which will be the subject of the next division, is equally so, and we will now drop this one and proceed to pay our respects to him.

THE LEARNED OLD FOOL.

It is customary in England when a man has several sons, to designate one for the Army, another for the Navy, and still another for the Church. It is manifest from this that he regards the calling of a clergyman solely from a professional standpoint, and that he is the sole judge of his son's fitness for it. Now, it frequently happens that the son he designates for the Church is the least inclined or adapted to that profession of all three, and hence, that he proves a flat failure, so far as accomplishing any good is concerned, goes without saying. At the proper age he is trundled off to Oxford, where after studying divinity and philosophy under men whose views touching such things accord with his father's, he takes orders and becomes, as the phrase goes, a candidate for a "living," which is generally at the disposal of some duke or earl, who knows no more about the religion of the New Testament than a hog does about holiday.

We are sorry to say that the same idea is gaining ground in this country. Whenever a boy manifests a tendency to book learning the very first view some people have is to educate him for the ministry. This notion once in the boy's head, he at once assumes that his Maker stands in need of his services, and he rather likes the idea of complimenting the Almighty by a tender of the same. In order, however, to insure success in a scheme in which only two parties have been consulted—his family and his friends—he too is trundled off to some theological seminary or college, where, in the course of a few years, he graduates with all the honors, except one—a genuine conversion—and is ready for a call, not from on high, but below.

Having accepted the same, usually some wealthy city

church, and been duly installed, he is ready for business. Great crowds of fashionable and cultivated worldlings go out every Sabbath to hear him discuss the Atomic Theory, discourse about Darwinianism and the Evolution of Man, or descant upon the condition of the globe during the post-tertiary age. As his congregations are composed of the elite of the city, who when not at church are at the theater, in the ballroom or at the card table, he is too much of a gentleman to discuss such things, as it would be the height of ill-breeding to do so. It is true that John the Baptist told King Herod to his face that he was an adulterer. But John, you know, was no gentleman, and, least of all, a learned preacher in a fashionable church. In fact, his church was the most unfashionable the world had ever seen. It is also true that St. Paul spoke so plainly of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come that he made Felix tremble. But then Paul, you know, was an outcast, having quitted the most aristocratic church of his day for one of no repute. So it will never do to cite such instances as these to the intellectual giants of our day, men capable of meeting the Titans of infidelity with their own weapons; men capable of preaching the gospel without Christ and Him crucified; men capable of showing a way to Heaven without repentance and regeneration.

Of course, then, who but some idiot or outcast, who has felt the love of God shed abroad in his heart, who has been shown the exceeding sinfulness of sin in his own case, is capable of discussing such trite and threadbare themes in the pulpit. As for the Intellectual Giant who discusses the lofty themes alluded to, such weak men are beneath his notice. "For the outlying, country

districts, where men and women are yet in theological infancy, such things are perhaps allowable." But to disturb the refined sensibilities of saints in satin and broad-cloth with such shocking themes as human frailty and wickedness are not to be thought of, and even if they are, by no means uttered. They would at once destroy that sweet *entente cordiale* existing between the fashionable preacher and his select congregation.

Now, to speak seriously, it would be a hard matter to decide which is the greater fool, the Learned Old Fool in the pulpit or the silly fools who come out to his essays. They, poor and blind and naked know nothing of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and they, worldly-minded, carnal, sold under sin, will never discover their mistake this side of Hell unless some divine son of the Gospel shall preach to them with the power and demonstration of the Spirit.

Oh, no! It can never be done. Human learning can never supplant the Gospel of our Lord. The world by wisdom knew not God. Sanctified learning and a sanctified life alone will avail. Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God alone gives the increase. When God calls a man to preach the gospel, he calls him loud enough for him to hear. To feel your unfitness to obey that call, strange as it may seem, is one of the best evidences of your fitness, for not one who feels his fitness is fit. Do not be uneasy, however; if you are not fit in reality the Lord will never call you. God makes no mistakes. There are no accidents with him. If you are called, no matter how learned you may be, rely upon Him for power, not upon yourself. If you are unlearned, the call is a preparation to preach at the proper time when you have learned the way of the Lord more perfectly.

But do not, oh young man, covet the empty honor of being a Learned Old Fool in the pulpit. You may think he is happy. Not so. No man acting a false part ever was so. Even an actor in a theater, who acts a part contrary to his own conception as to the proper way is never happy. For the sake of your own soul and the souls of others, do not juggle with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and put it like its author to an open shame.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRICT CONSTRUCTION OLD FOOL.

Mr. Townsend, of New York, at one time a member of Congress, during a debate in that body concerning some constitutional question, said that he had always observed that when a Congressman wanted anything right much, it was constitutional, and when he did not want it, it was unconstitutional. The same state of affairs is found in every religious denomination.

There is for instance, the Strict Construction Old Fool, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, under the mistaken impression that he is one of the saints. He believes the whole Bible should not only be taken literally, but followed in the same way. Because St. Paul was in perils by sea and land, in perils by robbers and his own countrymen, in perils in the wilderness and in the city, he seems to be exceedingly sorrowful that preachers now-a-days do not have these perils to contend with. This Old Fool is under the impression that if St. Paul were alive to-day he would be too pious to ride on a railway train, to say nothing of a Pullman palace car, and prefer walking from Jerusalem to Joppa, begging his food in the day time, as he trudged along,

and sleeping in the woods at night. The theology of such an Old Fool as this is composed of about nine parts of Hell to one of Heaven. Because the Bible says that the heathen shall be turned into Hell with all the nations that forget God, he will not give a cent towards the enlightenment of savages. In fact he is like the late Sam Ward, who when asked for a contribution for missions, replied that people who ought to go to the Devil, were not going fast enough, and he did not propose to stave off their just deserts in that way. The Strict Construction Old Fool is a Pharisee to begin with, and like them he erects standards for the outward conduct impossible of fulfillment. To illustrate their idea of righteousness, the following is a case in point: A minister had been recently called to a new charge. As is customary with the clergy under such circumstances, he called upon the members of his church each in his or her turn, in order to make their acquaintance and put himself on a friendly footing. Having called upon most of them during the week, he concluded to finish the good work by visiting an old sister whose name was on the church register, but who was not present to hear his Sunday discourse. Having eaten his dinner, he set out for her house, some two miles distant, in the afternoon. Upon his arrival, instead of being received with sisterly kindness, as he had a right to expect, he met with scant courtesy. He had not long to wait for an explanation. She was informed by the good man that he missed her at church service, "Yes"! says she, "and you'll continue to miss me there on the Sabbath day, as I believe in keeping that day holy." She further informed him in the same vein that she thought he might have chosen another day than the Sabbath to have called

upon her. The good man, now being put upon his mettle, began to reason with her, and in order to justify his visit, related the fact of our Lord's having walked through the wheat field on the Sabbath day with His disciples. "Yes! I know he did," says she, "and I would have thought a good deal more of Him if he hadn't done it." This is the idea in a nutshell. Further comment is unnecessary.

CHAPTER III.

THE EASY-GOING OLD FOOL.

Every department of human activity has its catch-words and phrases. The Democratic party has for its shibboleth, "taxes for revenue only, sufficient to run the government, economically administrated." The Republican party has for its motto, "protection," and claims also to be a party of high moral ideas. But its "ideas" are so high and its morals so low that no honest political student has ever yet been able to strike an average between them.

There is just such another Old Fool in religion. His idea of religion is so high and his conduct in daily life so low, that no one knows exactly where he stands or what he is. He is not "all things unto all men" that he may gain some, but in order to be popular. Having early in life noticed that it was easy to swim with the stream, and hard work to do so against it, he has pursued a time-serving policy through life. He generally joins the church during some wide-spread religious interest when every one else is doing so, as he thinks it is the popular way, and he dislikes to be lonesome. Having "joined," the Easy-Going Old Fool at once pro-

ceeds to make himself "solid" with all the other denominations by saying he considers one church as good as another, and that he would not give a nickel for the difference. When you take into account that his opinion of them all, including his own, is not worth a copper in the theological market, it will be learned how valuable his opinion really is.

He ridicules theology and imagines that pure and undefiled religion is to allow every man to interpret the Scriptures to suit himself, and in consequence, blames his own minister for ever preaching the doctrines of his own church. On the other hand were he to disparage his own and praise the tenets of some other sect, the Easy-Going Fool would be in raptures.

Although life is a perpetual fight from the cradle to the grave, and is plainly taught in the Word of God that such as live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution, and although the Christian's life therein is pronounced by inspired men, to be one of perpetual warfare against the world, the flesh and the Devil, still the Easy-Going Old Fool knows it all and will have his way. We have already showed how he will sacrifice his religious views in order to be popular with his brethren in the other sects, and then in order to convince the world, the flesh and the Devil that he is not straight-laced, he is as often found in the ball-room and the theatre as at the church. Perhaps a little oftener. There is an animal which has ears like a rat's and wings like leather, partaking of the dual nature of a beast and a fowl of the air. His time for action is neither night nor day, but twilight. The Easy-Going Old Fool is the bat of the religious world. Poor Old Fool! Should he ever get to heaven he will be confined to its outskirts, unable to realize the abounding joy of the battle-scarred veter-

rans of the Cross, who in this lower world suffered the loss of all things, when required to do so, in order to bring no reproach upon the cause of their Master.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAME OLD FOOL IN RELIGION.

Mine host, when he would entertain his friends at a feast, always reserves the best course for the last, in order, no doubt, to tempt the already cloyed appetite to still further conquests. We would do likewise, and hence now invite your attention to the greatest nuisances in the whole catalogue of fools. It is almost needless to add that we have reference to the Same Old Fools in Religion.

Now, it might have been thought that he would not bob up in religion too. But he does, though. As the mathematician would say, he "differentiates." That is to say, there are many different species of the same genus. In order to define them more accurately, we shall attempt to describe each one separately. In doing this, as we have hitherto done, we may use terms whose applicability may not be apparent at first, but we trust that as we proceed to unfold his characteristics, that our meaning will become as plain as the noonday sun, or the nose on a drunkard's face. To begin then without further preface, there is

THE MONOPOLISTIC OLD FOOL.

This Old Fool believes that the church or sect to which he happens to belong, possesses the divine right to freeze out every other denomination, so that no passport to Heaven can be obtained except through its agency. All the little sects throughout the country who have

been retailing salvation to their respective neighborhoods, must cease to do business on their own account, and take stock in the Great Religious Trust, or be crushed out of existence. The Monopolistic Old Fool is sometimes a bear, but his favorite role is a bull, as he much prefers goring to hugging. But he does not hesitate to use any means in order to "corner" the religious market. In fact, one of his favorite maxims is that the ends justify the means. That he has practiced what he preaches all history verifies. In consequence he has not hesitated to burn a heretic whenever he imagined his religious monopoly was in danger of reform. As it would never do for a monopoly to fail to honor all the drafts of credulity which it has issued, the Monopolistic Old Fool also claims infallibility. He is not all singular in this, however, as every other Old Fool who ever lived claimed the same thing. He also claims that he is the vice-gerent of God on earth. There is no denying the fact that many of them have had vice enough to be gerents of the Devil, but whether one ever existed who had goodness enough to stand in God's stead, history does not record. But all these assumptions are of a piece, as witness the following order of his qualities, which for the sake of lucidity we will put in a syllogistic form :

I am the vice-gerent of God on earth.
God cannot err,
Therefore, I am infallible.

But he does not stop here. He says that he is the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, and as Christ was holy, so is he, and hence he permits himself to be called His Holiness. How shall we characterize the conceit of such an Old Fool as this? The English, as well as every

other language, stands bankrupt before it. There is no word for it. It is untranslatable. To estimate the harm he has done is beyond all calculation also. He has done more to bring the Christian religion into contempt and ridicule than all the sceptics, atheists, agnostics and infidels who ever lived or ever will live to the end of time. Possessing a grain of truth to a bushel of chaff, he has caused earnest souls in all the ages since he first appeared on earth, to embrace a whole mass of superstition in order to come at it, and although shorn of his power to-day to do harm by force, and yet allowed to do good without restriction, he still calls for the secular arm. Were he infallible he would not need it nor ask for it. Hence he is a sham and a humbug of the earth earthy. His Holiness! Bosh!

CHAPTER V.

THE COMPROMISING OLD FOOL.

A straight line is defined by mathematicians as the shortest distance between two points. In keeping with this definition there are other ideas in connection with it which the bare axiom overlooks, but which nevertheless enables one to draw some very correct as well as far-reaching conclusions. For instance, a straight line is the most illiberal, inflexible, and therefore uncompromising thing in the universe. It bends neither to the right nor the left, neither curves upward nor bends downward. It goes straight from one point to the other. Should even a mountain intervene, it must either be gotten out of the way or tunneled through its interior. Owing to its nature it is a symbol of Justice, of Truth, of Rectitude. Of justice that will not swerve, though the heavens fall. Of truth that will not compromise,

but swear, if need be, to its own hurt. Of rectitude that would oppose a world in arms, rather than "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning."

This introduction is sufficient to indicate the peculiar kind of an Old Fool we are after in this chapter.

In order to come at him at once, it will be best to draw a pen and ink sketch of his features or characteristics first, and then examine his work afterwards. In the first place, then, realizing that his life is "crooked" and devious, and being aware of the fact that the word "compromising" is in bad odor as applied to character, he has euphemized it by using in its stead that other more genteel term, "liberal." Hence he would be known as a liberal-minded man, as that definition is very pleasing to all his fellow-fools, and makes him decidedly popular with sceptics, worldlings and shallow thinkers in the church as well as out of it.

When the Compromising Old Fool is a minister (we will not say of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for that is a misnomer), he is so latitudinarian in his views that he is always a great favorite with that class of church members who see no harm in visiting theatres, horse-races and ball-rooms, and whose leisure hours at home are spent in poring over trashy novels, or playing whist and progressive euchre, when not engaged in the more agreeable recreation of ridiculing the really pious people of their own denomination.

This Old Fool is also a great favorite with sceptics, as he has eliminated Hell from the Scriptures, and that was the only difficulty which scepticism wished to see overcome in the Word of God. Henceforth, while listening to his little essays on "the moralities," they can either go to sleep or pursue some favorite train of thought

touching "The Missing Link in Darwin's System of Evolution" without being in the least disturbed, as was that old Roman barbarian, Felix, who heard and trembled, as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come.

This Old Fool is also very popular with that highly cultured portion of the female population who, it would seem, prefer going to Hell to having the word used in the pulpit. Nor is he less popular with all those moral Old Fools who have substituted their own immaculate perfections for the blood of Jesus Christ. This indeed is quite natural, seeing that the Compromising Old Fool makes moral perfection possible to man without the assisting grace of God. In theology he concedes the Fatherhood of God, but has his doubts concerning the brotherhood of man. In this he is consistent with himself, as he is half inclined to Darwinism, and imagines no doubt he is a lineal descendant of a higher order of Simian ancestry than the ignoble progeny of common monkeys. It goes without saying that he has so compromised the Scriptures that were he to give us a new translation there would be so much "sweetness and light" in his new version that Oscar himself would go Wilde over it. All those terrible passages which tell of the doom of the finally impenitent would be eliminated, and in their stead a chapter on "Probation After Death" would be inserted. But to speak seriously, the harm this old compromiser has done and is still doing is beyond the power of man to estimate. At one time God's people were peculiar. Now they are so much like the common run of respectable sinners that no one can tell the difference. All this is the work of the Compromising Old Fool. In his zeal for numbers he has so tortured the Word of God, that hand-shaking has superseded

heart-shaking nearly altogether as a sign of repentance and Godly sorrow. Those old ministers of the gospel who have for years declared the whole counsel of God, and beneath whose powerful appeals men and women fell, as if shot dead with a rifle, are no more in honor nor in demand, and are compelled to take back seats. God bless their dear old souls. Their very peculiarities convince us there are some who have not bowed their knees to the modern Baal, nor made shipwreck of a good conscience by making merchandise of the Word of God. All honor to them, and shame to the clerical mountebanks who, as men-pleasers, have made the Word of God of none effect.

Very often the Compromising Old Fool essays the role of a statesman and enters the political arena. But he never enters there as a combatant, but a trimmer. The only issue between the two old parties, to hear him tell it, is one of men, not of measures, and he is one of the men. He has no positive convictions on any subject, except that good men should hold office, and that he is one of the best. When once in power, he will always placate an enemy at the expense of a friend in order to retain office. When accused of treachery to his party, he has always some compromising reply at hand. In short, he more resembles a bat than anything else in his make-up, trimming between darkness and light, and puzzling naturalists to decide whether he is really a beast of the field or a fowl of the air.

We could say a great deal more concerning the Compromising Old Fool as a judge or a lawyer, but knowing that that keen-witted fraternity will anticipate anything we might say of him in that relation, we turn him over to them at this juncture, and will now proceed to pay

our best respects to his opposite—the Uncompromising Old Fool.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNCOMPROMISING OLD FOOL.

If Abraham Lincoln had done or said nothing else to transmit his greatness to generations yet unborn, his Gettysburg speech alone would have shown him to be one of the greatest men of his age. Among other things which he uttered on that memorial occasion was this: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty, and in all things charity." This is a short but comprehensive statement of the whole duty of a man in respect to all other men as regards the exercise of his mental as well as moral powers. In this mighty sentence is the whole problem of human liberty set forth and demonstrated. It is applicable to every crisis in human affairs, and points out not only the pathway of safety but of duty and wisdom also.

And yet notwithstanding the science of government itself is only a compromise between a state of nature and a state of law, in which each individual citizen surrenders some of his natural in order that all may enjoy their legal rights, yet there are fools in the world and plenty of them, who are so bent on carrying their own points that they would reduce society and government to a state of absolute chaos rather than see their pet projects miscarried. Take the United States for an illustration. No two sections of it have interests which are identical; the one is engrossed in manufactures, another in mining, and a third in agriculture. And yet the

Uncompromising Old Fool of a politician would legislate altogether in the interest of his own section and allow all the others to go to to Guinea.

It goes without saying that the Uncompromising Old Fool is always a sectional one. If he had his habitation in the moon, he would deny the Sun as a source of light and substituted his own gas for that luminary. Utterly unable it seems to make any allowances for differences arising from early associations and present environments, he would make, if he could, Hayti of one section of the Union and a Caucasia of the rest, provided he is included in the rest.

In the domain of morals he is equally intolerant, imagining that he is a saint and that his peculiar species of holiness should be the rule of life, he forbids the reading of even Shakspeare, while as to Henry Fielding, he would not touch him for anything in reason. Although all talent is Heaven-sent and God-given, he would repress it unless it was exercised in channels that suit his own notions. He would rather hear some other Uncompromising Old Fool twanging psalms through his nose than the most entrancing operatic music that ever flowed from the lips of a Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti or a Christine Nilsson. He would rather hear the drawling of some Uncompromising Old Fool of a preacher than to listen to the matchless eloquence of Demosthenes on a secular subject. And yet this Old Fool is lacking in the one thing needful—love. The Lord himself encountered him here on earth, and addressed him as follows: “Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for you pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith ; these ought ye to have done and not to leave the

other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

In theology, it is the same way. Instead of trying to make his creed harmonize with the Bible, he endeavors to make the Bible support his belief. In consequence, he will always quote one text which may seem to support his theory and pass by a dozen which flatly contradict it.

When the Uncompromising Old Fool is a fashionable worldling, he would sacrifice Heaven itself rather than compromise his social position. And so he is through the whole catalogue of human life. And yet you might as well try to reason with a stock or a stone. All we can do for such an Old Fool is to recommend the following lines of sage advice, if not good poetry.

"A thankless task has he who tries
To chip and model
The world to just the form and size
Of his own noddle.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONTROVERSIAL OLD FOOL.

When Ahab exclaimed, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," he little dreamed his wish would be quoted in all ages as a master stroke of revenge. But the satisfaction of having your enemy write a book has its limitations, and one of the principle ones is that you do not write one in reply. If you do, that at once knocks all the "fat in the fire," and you go in with it. Silence is the most complete, the most terrific revenge. Nothing hurts an assailant so bad as to be utterly ignored. It is a complete assassination of his proudest hopes. No fowler ever spread his net for a bird and saw it fly away, no

spider ever wove its cunning web to entangle a fly and saw it escape its meshes with more chagrin than does the Controversial Old Fool when nobody will notice him: But alas! All the fools are not dead, and Controversial Old Fool Number Two replies to Controversial Old Fool Number One, and soon the whole reading public is in a great stir to see the issue. Sometimes two ministers of the Gospel, both professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, both Protestants, will maul each other unmercifully for weeks at a time, and as the boys say, make "the fur fly" at every round. Speaking of "fur," the Controversial Old Fool very much resembles a cat anyway, as the latter is armed with just such weapons as are sufficient for small and defenseless game, and is moreover said to possess nine lives. Just so with the Controversial Old Fool. His claws are only long enough to scratch or to enable him to "climb a tree" when he scents danger, while he has as many if not more lives than the cat. A dead Controversial Old Fool is not to be found. As long as the hinges of his jawbones are in working order, or he can manage to set pen to paper he will be found pelting somebody or something. Like the typical Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, with shillalah in hand, he will hit a head whenever he sees one. Now, what on earth, but a conceit that he knows it all could ever prompt him. But he will perhaps reply, "I must defend the truth." All we have to say in regard to this is that if Truth could speak she would no doubt say: "Save me from my friends." And well she might, for generally before he is done defending here, her garments are defiled with mud from head to foot. Not one man in a million is competent to be a controversialist, and yet the name of the Controversial Old Fool is Legion.

If he edits a newspaper, he is forever and eternally knocking chips off somebody's head, and trying to stir up strife. If a preacher, he is always harping on the distinctive doctrines of some church other than his own. If a doctor, at a consultation of five physicians, he will be the first man to controvert the opinions of the other four and will debate the point, if necessary, until the patient dies, before he will give in. If a politician, no matter what other policy the leaders may adopt, he will have one of his own. If he has a wife, she would better be in—Heaven than to dispute his words as to the best way to bake bread, raise an infant, or darn old socks, even if at the same time he does not buy a pound of lard, provide a cow, nor have a sheep or pound of wool to his name.

But to follow him in all his ramifications were impossible. Were it only possible to tolerate him for the sake of amusement, there would be the same excuse for him as gamecocks, bulldogs and pugilists. But to pet him and inflate his already prodigious vanity by calling him a Champion of the Truth is monstrous. Sometimes this P. T. D. (Professional Truth Defender) is an LL. D., but not often. More frequently he is what he terms himself, "a self-made man," and this in a great measure accounts for his phenomenal vanity, for of all vain men, whose conceit is insufferable, that of the so-called "self-made man" is the worst. So bad, in fact, that it required a whole chapter to describe him, which we have already done.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SENSATIONAL OLD FOOL.

The historian of the future will undoubtedly pronounce the 19th century one of invention. In no other

country of the world has the inventive genius of man been so alert and its efforts so signally rewarded as in this. Telephones, phonographs, sewing and knitting and weaving machines, and thousands of others, are in operation for shortening distance, making work easier, and life more comfortable, and still invention goes on.

But as in the rear of great armies there is always a multitude of *calones* or camp-followers who are on hand promptly *at the close* of the battle to plunder, and who, during the time of danger, are conspicuous by their absence, so in the great march of invention there is always a hungry contingent ready to seize upon the spoils of the mind and appropriate them to their own use. But not to be led away from the main idea by any digression, however pleasing or inviting, we will take one case as an illustration. When Mrs. Galvani, whose husband, as well as herself, was fond of frog-legs, was preparing their favorite dish in her husband's laboratory, and when by accident the frog, which had been skinned, came in contact with an electric wire, and at once proceeded to hop around in the most approved fashion, she, although a philosopher's wife, was nearly frightened out of her wits. Her husband, hearing her call, at once ran to the house to see what was the matter, and was scarcely less astonished than she was when he beheld this singular spectacle. This singular accident revealed a new science known as galvanism. As soon as it was firmly established, a device known as a "shocking machine" was invented, and from that day to this the virtues of "shocks" for certain classes of diseases have been steadily advocated. As a machine must be good for something, and as there was nothing else in sight to which it could be turned, it was relegated to that *terra incognita*, nervous affections, and pronounced a specific. As the hair of a

dog is said to be good for its bite, which is the ruling axiom of that select body of cranks miscalled homeopaths, of course a nervous person must be shocked in order to quiet him.

Now, although it may seem a little singular, yet it is a fact, that the intellectual and moral worlds have their "shocking machines" also, and the effects produced are almost identical with those in the physical world. As in the case of the dead frog hopping around under the touch of a galvanic wire, so have we seen men and women who were as dead, spiritually, as the frog physically, moving about and giving every evidence of being alive. That only the mechanical nature of the mind, and not the spiritual life of the soul, had been awakened, was proven by the fact that as soon as the "shocking machine" was removed, they at once relapsed into their normal state of moral deadness.

To go into an analysis of the causes by which this effect is produced, would necessarily carry us into the domain of psychology and metaphysics, and as we are not engaged at present in writing a treatise on those fascinating subjects, we forbear making any extended observations in that direction, and will content ourselves by calling attention to a few well-known facts. For instance, in witnessing results which bear no seeming relation to their causes, but which seem a flat contradiction to them, the human mind is not only perplexed, but astonished. All men are cognizant of this fact, and hence every people has its wonder-workers. In the far East the juggler and the snake charmer are to be found; in Africa the voodoo doctor and the conjurer; among the Indians the medicine man, and among Americans, Europeans and other civilized nations the prestidigitateur.

They are all of a feather, and their ability is rated by the amount of astonishment and consequent sensation each one is able to produce. Have we one in the moral world anything akin to all this. Horrible to relate we have. It is the Sensational Old Fool in the pulpit.

This species of the Same Old Fool is as ancient as the rest. He is not the product of circumstances as many unthinking people suppose, but the result of an art, which none understand better than himself. Having thoroughly studied and mastered the science of sensations he is ready for business at the old stand, vacated by his predecessor, whose reason for vacation will be given in the proper place. Let us examine his mode of procedure before describing him in detail. Having at the outset of his career, perceived that people who preached the gospel in the good old-fashioned way were unsuccessful from his point of view, and as success outweighs every other consideration, he deliberately mapped out in his own mind his plan of campaign. Being too ambitious to preach without fame, he sets his wits to work as to the best methods of procuring it. Realizing that he lacks the *matter* to make him great, he contrives a *method* to make himself notorious, and it may be remarked that notoriety is the same thing to a vulgar mind as just fame is to a great one. Some men glory as much in shame as others do in honor. This point being decided he formulates his method. Well knowing that the unthinking multitude knows no difference between mechanical life and genuine, and unable to draw the line between sensations produced through mechanical agency, and deep feeling wrought by the Divine Spirit, he usually begins his campaign by selecting some obscure passage of Scripture, which apart from the context, may be made to mean

anything or nothing. This is Shock Number One. The interpretation he gives of it is so singular as to constitute Shock Number Two. His manner is Shock Number Three, and his language, facial play and absurd gestures constitute three additional shocks, and before he is done he has achieved the reputation of being a very shocking preacher. Then the battle begins in earnest. The truly converted and therefore conservative members of the church, who do not endorse his methods, and who through fear of hindering what may be God's work, keep silent, the worldly minded Athenians in the church sound the praises of this modern wonder-worker. The sinners crowd with church members to hear him; vast choirs are arranged to give him a vocal lift; all the pastors of the city and country for miles around gather to see him give the Devil a black eye; the sinners come out to hear him excoriate the saints and wallop the hypocrites, and for the time being, no circus ever struck the town with such force as the Sensational Old Fool. Amenable to no body in particular, he becomes a privileged character and says what he pleases. He is the ring master as well as the clown of the whole performance, and cracks his whip as well as his jokes after the most approved circus fashion. The performance is repeated all over the country and by the time he makes his round no man in the United States, with possibly the exception of P. T. Barnum or Benjamin F. Butler, was ever better advertised.

But violent things never last long and so he soon begins either to wane or else in order to sustain himself, becomes so shocking that his most devout worshipers lose faith in him and forsake him and soon he falls behind some new star in the Sensational firmament and is forgotten. Poor Fool. For the Circean draught of fool-

ish and sinful popular applause he ruins the dignity of his high calling, compromises the church of God, jeopardizes the salvation of his own soul, puts his friends in a false position, and ends his own career by realizing that he is the greatest fraud of the century. But he deserves no pity. Having trifled with the holiest affections of the human heart, having made the gospel of Jesus the slang of the street, having ridiculed almost out of existence the barriers, which have hitherto encircled as with a halo of glory, the humble ministers of Jesus Christ let him eat the Dead Sea apples of his misspent life in oblivion with none so poor as to do him reverence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS OLD FOOL.

It has been said that man is a religious animal. Now, strange as it may appear, this is nearer true in proportion as he is a savage than at any subsequent period, with this marked difference, or qualification rather, that the word "Religion," in his case, is only another name for Superstition. We will not, however, single out the Superstitious Old Fool of a heathen, as the subject of the present chapter, for he has some excuse for his folly. Neither are we writing anything to amuse the Sceptical Old Fool, who may chance to read it, for he has less excuse for being irreligious than the Superstitious Old Fool has for being too superstitious. Having too much religion is bad; having too little is worse, but having none at all is infamous. But we may as well say now as later on, that we have never seen that man or woman who had too much genuine religion. They are not to be found. There is a class of people, amid all the light of

gospel liberty, who still believe in fables, are wise above what is written, and will not listen to reason. This kind of an Old Fool is capable of believing anything in one direction, and utterly incapable of accepting the plainest dictates of common sense in another. When the Superstitious Old Fool is in the majority, he is a dangerous creature, as history fully attests. The only reason he is harmless now is because he is in a minority. But to show to what absurdities the Superstitious Old Fool can lead his followers, a fine example, culied from a million will be sufficient.

A well-known writer of the sixteenth century says: "Jews are next to Gentiles for antiquity and superstition. I presume no nation under heaven can be more sottish, ignorant, blind, superstitious, willful, obstinate and peevish, tiring themselves with vain ceremonies to no purpose. He that shall but read their Rabbin's ridiculous comments, their strange interpretations of Scriptures, their absurd ceremonies, fables, childish tales which they steadfastly believe, will hardly think they are rational human beings. Their foolish customs when they rise in the morning; how they prepare themselves for prayer, for meat, with what superstitious washing. Last of all their expectation of their Messiah, and those figments, miracles, vain earthly pomp that shall attend Him, as how He shall terrify the Gentiles, and overcome them by new diseases, how Michael, the archangel, shall sound his trumpet, how he shall gather the Jews in the Holy Land and there make them a great banquet, wherein shall be served all the beasts, birds and fishes that ever God made, as well as a cup of wine that grew in Paradise, and which has been kept in Adam's cellar ever since. At the first course shall be served that great

ox named in the 4th chapter of Job, 10th verse, that feeds every day on a thousand hills ; that great leviathan mentioned by David in Psalms, 1st chapter, 1st verse, and a great bird that laid an egg so big that by chance, tumbling out of the nest, it knocked down three hundred tall cedars, and breaking as it fell, drowned one hundred and sixty villages. This bird stood up to the knees in the sea, and the sea was so deep a hatchet would not fall to the bottom in seven years. Of their Messiah's wives and children, because 'tis written in the Psalm, "Kings' daughters shall attend him, and that one stupendious fiction among the rest.

When a Roman prince asked of Rabbi Jehosua Ben Hanania 'Why the Jews' God was compared to a lion,' he made answer, 'He was compared to no ordinary lion, but to one in the wood, Ela, which when the priest desired to see, the Rabbin, prayed he might, and forthwith the lion set forward. But when he was four hundred miles from Rome he roared, and all the pregnant women in Rome miscarried with fright, and all the walls of the city fell down, and when he came a hundred miles nearer, and roared the second time, their teeth fell out of their heads, and the emperor fell dead.' "

This one instance of a past age will suffice. We are dealing with the Superstitious Old Fool of to-day—the lineal descendant of this grimy monster. But some one will say, "Where is the Superstitious Old Fool of to-day?" To which, by way of answer, we ask, What is the Romish heresy but one vast mass of superstition, compounded of equal parts of ignorance, credulity, paganism and intellectual babyhood, as to the laity, and of cunning ambition, self-seeking politics and Machiavellian morals on the part of its leaders, from the Pope

down to the lazy, Christless monk, who lives in luxury upon the hard earnings of a superstitious peasantry?

Has she changed not? Yea, verily, in her methods, but not in her principles. Can the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin? Can a man repent, unless he recant his errors and implore forgiveness? Has the Church of Rome ever done so? Has she ever done so much as Judas in the way of reparation, for even he admitted that he had sinned in betraying the "innocent blood." Has the Modern Babylon ever condemned by council or otherwise, the doings of Catherine de Medici or the Duke of Alva? Has Leo renounced the right to burn heretics under certain contingencies? Not much. On the contrary, what do we see to-day? Three hundred years ago. Let us look on that picture first, and then on this. What were they doing then? Let another answer: "That high priest of Rome, the dam of that monstrous and superstitious brood, the bull-bellowing Pope, which now rages in the West, that three-headed Cerberus hath played his part. Whose religion is mere policy, a state wholly composed of superstition and wit, and wants nothing but wit and superstition to maintain it; that uses colleges and religious houses to as good purpose as forts and castles, and does more by a company of scribbling parasites, fiery-spirited friars, zealous anchorites, hypocritical professors, and those pretorian cohorts, his Janizary Jesuits, and that dissolute society as Longinus terms it, '*Postremos diaboli conatus et sacculi ex cremenatum*,' that now stand in the forefront of the battle, will have a monopoly of and engross all other learning, in divinity, and fight alone almost, (for the rest are but his dromedaries and asses) than he ever could have done by garrison and armies. What power of prince or penal

law could enforce men to do that which for conscience sake they will voluntary undergo. They fast from flesh, abstain from marriage, rise to their prayers at midnight, whip themselves, abandon the world, incur willful poverty, perform canonical and blind obedience, prostrate their goods, fortunes, bodies, lives and offer up themselves at their superior's feet at his command. What so powerful an engine as superstition ! Which they (the leaders, well knowing) are of no religion at all themselves, for as Calvin rightly suspects, the tenor and practice of their lives prove they hold there is no God, and Leo X did, Hildebrand the magician, Julian II, were atheists, and which the common proverb among them proves, to-wit, the worst Christians of Italy are the Romans, of the Romans the priests are the most worthless, and the most worthless among the priests are chosen cardinals, and the worst of the cardinals is chosen Pope, and he is generally an epicurean as most of the Popes are infidels and Lucianists, for so they think and believe, and what is said of Christ to be fables and impostures ; Heavens and Hell, Day of Judgment are all dreams, toys and old wives' tales. Yet they use them as so many whetstones to make their tools (the inferior priests and laity) yet cut not themselves. Of no religion at all themselves, they will make all others most devout and superstitious. By promises and threats they compel, enforce and lead their devotees by their noses, like so many bears in a line, while at the same time their object is not to advance God's kingdom, seek his glory, but to enlarge, enrich and advance themselves, and thus compel all nations to stand in awe and live in subjection to the See of Rome. For what else do they care ? If the world wishes to be deceived, let it be deceived. There are some things true,

others false, which they will not have the commonalty take note of. As proof, witness their intolerable forgeries, poperies, fooleries, unrighteous subtleties, impositions, illusions, new doctrines, paradoxes, traditions, false miracles, which they have forged to enthrall, circumvent and subjugate them, to maintain their own estates. At one time by bulls, pardons, indulgences and their doctrine of good works, that by promising their superstitious followers a happy life hereafter they may fleece him out of everything they have now, and so spur on this superstitious horse, he runs himself blind and is an ass to carry burdens. They have so amplified Peter's Pence that from a poor bishop he is become king of kings and lord of lords, a demigod, as canonists make him (Felinus and the rest) above God himself. And for his wealth, he is not inferior to kings. His cardinals are companions of princes, and in every kingdom almost his abbotts, pious monks, friars and clergy have almost eaten the laity out of house and home, and gotten nearly all their money besides. In France, as Bodin gives us to understand, their revenues are 12,300,000 pounds, and of twelve parts of revenue the church possesses seven. The Jesuits, a new sect, begun in this century, [16th] have three or four hundred colleges in Europe, and more revenue than many a princess. How many towns in every kingdom hath superstition enriched ! What a deal of money by musty relicts, images, idolatry, have their mass-priests engaossed, and what sums have they scraped by their other tricks! Now if any of these, their juggling, tricks or impositions be exposed or called in question ; if a magnanimous or zealous Luther, an "heroical Luther," as Dithmarus calls him, dare touch the monk's bellies, all is in a combustion, all is in an uproar.

Demetrius and his associates are ready to pull him to pieces to keep up their trades, and the air again resounds as in the beginning of Christianity, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

"Now for their authority. What by auricular confession, satisfaction, penances, Peter's Keys, thunderings, excommunications and roaring bulls, this high-priest of Rome, shaking his Gorgon's head, hath so terrified the souls of men, insulted majesty itself, and swaggered generally over all Europe for many ages, has contrived to hold all in slavish subjection, while living, and cast a baleful shadow even upon their departed ghosts. The Bishop of Rome, saith Stapleton, one of his parasites, hath done that without arms which Roman emperors could not have done with forty legions of soldiers, deposed kings and crowned them again with his foot. 'Tis a wonder,' says Machiavel, in his history of Florence, 'what slaving King Henry II endured for the death of Thomas a Becket, what things were required by the Pope, and how he submitted to indignities that even a private man would not endure, all through superstition.' Henry IV disposed of his empire, stood barefooted with his wife at the gates of Canossa. The Emperor Frederick was trodden on by Pope Alexander III; another held Adrian's stirrup. King John kissed the knees of Pandolphus, the Pope's legate. What impelled the Crusades, led by that Superstitious Old Fool, "Peter the Hermit," but His Holiness. What makes them so freely venture their lives, leave their native land, seek martyrdom, but superstition! What makes them assassins, to meet death, to murder kings, but a false persuasion of merit of canonical or blind obedience which they instil into them and

animate them by strange illusions, hope of being martyrs and saints? Such pretty feats does the devil work by priests."

Such was the position of the Superstitions Old Fool less than three hundred years ago. How is he to-day? We answer, substantially the same, with this exception: The Superstititious Old Fool is shorn of the greater part of his temporal power, and as he has never had enough of spiritual since the 6th century—the beginning of Roman usurpation of the supreme power in things temporal—he is not so dangerous as formerly, though he still does business at the same old stand in a modified way. Owing to a combination of circumstances, such as an open Bible, scientific liberty and the spread of truth generally, all of which he did his best to retard, superstition has ceased to be rampant in professedly Christain countries, and as Romanism can only thrive where ignorance prevails the claws of the papal tiger have been drawn in until the world imagines that the beast of the Apocalypse had become a lamb in gentleness. All of this is only shamming, however. Human policy may change, but human nature without God's grace never does. Why only a few years ago a few scientific and patriotic Italians proposed to commemorate the anniversary of Bruno, a distinguished countryman of theirs, by erecting a monument to his memory, and His Holiness nearly went into hysterics over it, because Bruno had dared to differ from the Antichrist of his day. Leo's wrath, impotent as it was, nevertheless was an echo from the past, when men of science were throttled like so many monsters. Why, even Copernicus, the colossus of the world in his day, was afraid to let his great work, the "System of the Stellar Universe," see

the light until after he was dead, for fear that he himself would be burnt at the stake; and to-day, while admitting Science and Protestantism by compulsion, yet at heart she hates both. How does she live? Are all the fools dead? Look at her laity still bowing and scraping at the priest, look at the priest, making obeisance to the cardinal, look at the cardinal cringing and crouching before the pope. Were St. Peter alive to-day he would doubtless cry out, as did his co-workers, Barnabas and Paul, under similar circumstances at Lystra, "Sirs! Why do ye these things? For we are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that you should turn from these vanities to the living God, which made Heaven and earth, and the sea and all things that are therein." Now, what has been the result of such conduct on the part of the Superstitious Old Fool? It has either compelled the intellectual giants within its own fold in all ages either to recant their most positive convictions, as in the case of Galileo, or else leave the church and suffer persecution while living, and be denied sepulture in the cemeteries of their Catholic ancestors. Superstition on the one hand and hypocrisy on the other have thus made more infidels and sceptics than all the Volneys, Voltaires and Ingersolls who ever lived. Nay more, we veily believe that if Volney, Voltaire, Des Cartes and D'Alembert offer any plea in the day of judgment why sentence should not be passed upon them, that plea will be the Papacy and the corrupt Christianity it blazoned forth to the world as the truth in their day. Science and true religion can no more exist with the papacy than light with darkness. Let no one imagine, however, that there have not been and still are good Catholics. There have been thousands. But at the same time, there is

nothing good in Roman Catholicism *per se*. Apart from a modicum of truth, which it is compelled to admit in order to be distinguished from paganism pure and simple, it is simply a system of idolatry and hero-worship of heathen ages, so modified by necessity as to include certain rational Nineteenth Century ideas to prevent it from becoming the laughing-stock of the age.

But some one may ask, "Why, since it survives and manifests so much subtilty, should it be called the Superstitious Old Fool?" For the best of reasons. Have we not stated time and again in this veracious catalogue that the fool thinks he knows it all, and has not His Holiness proclaimed himself infallible? Have you ever seen an old fool in your life who did not claim the same thing? Admitting this to be true in the case of every other old fool, why deny it in the most conspicuous instance of all. But having paid our respects at length to the Superstitious Old Fool, we will now proceed to do the same for the Sceptical Old Fool.

CHAPTER X.

THE SCEPTICAL OLD FOOL.

To scepticism in its best sense the world is indebted for nearly all of its greatest discoveries. It is doubtless owing to this fact that The Sceptical Old Fool has come to the front in the present age as the acme of human perfection. Because the Superstitious Old Fools in past ages frowned upon daring investigators in science, who have since been classed among "the immortals," the Sceptical Old Fool of to-day imagines that a hundred years hence he too will shine as a bright star in that constellation of genius, which now contains the names

of men whom "the world will not willingly let die." Poor Old Fool! As all the planets receive their light from the sun, so he only shines in a borrowed one. Because Galileo dared to promulgate scientific truth in his day when priestly superstition was rampant, he imagines that by assaulting the church of God to-day that a century hence some one will write a history of his life and claim for him that he demolished superstition. The Old Goose! He forgets that he is one of the most superstitious men of the day to imagine such a thing concerning himself.

But it is not the Sceptical Old Fool as to religion alone whom we are after. It is our intention, as one whose object is truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to correct a very common mistake in regard to scepticism generally, and when we have done so to the best of our ability we will again return to our mutton, as the phrase goes. A great many people are under the amazing error that it requires considerable natural ability as well as learning to become a sceptic. How such an absurd idea ever got abroad in the world, especially when it is contrary to the experience of nearly all intelligent people, is indeed a mystery. Where one genuine man exists who is sceptically inclined, and who, after doubting, never rests satisfied until something consonant to reason or something better is attained in place of that concerning which the doubt arose, there are at least one hundred Sceptical Old Fools who hoot at the idea of the possibility of inventing anything better than what we now have, or discoverings any truths in the future. They have doubted about everything until that faculty of the human mind which admits moral evidence has become atrophied as it were and is no longer capable

of furnisning proof to their darkened understandings. And yet a great many silly people are under the impression that it is an evidence of brains to be one of these Sceptical Old Fools. Such scepticism as this and want of sense go hand in hand. We have one in our mind's eye now, who could gather all the fools in his neighbourhood together on Sunday to hear him tear Revelation to pieces, and yet on that very subject he was one of the most ignorant of men. He attacked the morality of the Bible and yet at the same time was so lax in his own as to live in open adultery. Still all the other fools thought he had lots of sense. They made a very common mistake, for a great many people think sense and meanness are the same. Even when one of these Sceptical Old Fools becomes converted and joins the church he seldom amounts to anything. The first one that ever did, Thomas Didymus, was never heard from afterwards as he left no gospel behind him and if he is mentioned by the other apostles, except cursorily, we cannot recall it. And so it has always been. The daring investigator may doubt, but he leaves something better than that to posterity. The Sceptical Old Fool holds one end of the rope and the Superstitious Old Fool holds the other, and as they are about equally matched in folly, to say the least, neither the one or the other will yield an inch. The truth of the business is they should both be yoked together, and perhaps in the course of time one might be persuaded to believe a little more, and the other a little less and thereby establish that harmony which should exist between true yoke-fellows.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROGRESSIVE THEOLOGY OLD FOOL.

While it is conceded that humanly speaking there is nothing absolutely true, yet the principles from which truth is declared must be so, or there would be no such thing as right reasoning possible to man. For instance we are told that God cannot lie. This being so, it would follow that anything He chooses to communicate to us in His Word is necessarily true. Not true because consonant to human reason. Not even true because a logical sequence follows the premise laid down, not true because it is handed down from antiquity. But as we have already said it is true because it cannot be false, unless God is false, which is impossible. Now certain plain and undeniable propositions are laid down in the Word of God, which will admit of but one interpretation. To say they will admit of two would destroy their entire force as a commandment or doctrine, as in that case no one could absolutely decide as to what was commanded or taught. These are the plan of salvation, the system of rewards and punishment and the final judgment. But God, as if mindful of the perversion of the human intellect, seeing how it would distort or explain away these great truths, has communicated not once, but all through the Scriptures these essential truths in language which can have but one meaning.

And yet the progressive Theology Old Fool, with his higher criticism and the like professes to have discovered to have read between the lines as it were, of the Word of God itself, and to have divined the mind of God, contrary to his own expressed declaration contained in that Word. We are not aware that this Old Fool claims to

have had an illumination by the Spirit of God, by which we are informed in the Scriptures he can alone know the mind of God, but on the contrary to have made his discovery by a merely human agency, which he is pleased to term The Higher Criticism. If one were to judge by the literature of the present time, and had no acquaintance with that of the past, he would very likely conclude that the Progressive Theology Old Fool was a brand new specimen. A sad mistake, however, this would be, as it is on evidence that St. Paul encountered him at Ephesus and Corinth over 1800 years ago, and he was trying then precisely what he attempts now—to establish another gospel in place of the true one. And although their point of attack may have been different, the purpose was the same. If we judge correctly he is contending to-day for the idea that Hell is not endless, neither is Heaven, for the same language applied to express the endless duration of the one is used with reference to the other. As the logicians would say he would prove too much.

We have always noticed that when a man begins to realize that he deserves to go to Hell, he does one of two things. He either repents of his sins, and thereby flees from the wrath to come, or else he goes to arguing with every one he meets and tries to prove there is no hell to shun. Being miserable himself he wants all the company he can get. But these Progressive Theology Old Fools are afraid to go as far as that and try to compromise the matter by saying that while there is such a thing as future punishment, it is not endless, but lengthened or shortened in proportion to one's guilt. Realizing that the idea of endless punishment is distasteful to sinners in the church as well as out of it, and having

some respect for the Word of God, despite his Higher Criticism, he strikes a happy medium by inculcating the modified interpretation of humanity who believe in salvation by works. We are told in the Scriptures that Christ was an all sufficient propitiation for our sins, but these Old Fools prefer it would seem to expiate their guilt themselves in Hell rather than to have had it done on Calvary by another.

But to follow this Old Fool through all his dreary, transcendental nonsense is a wearying task, and we will conclude the subject by saying that while he is progressive as to his theology, he is generally the reverse as to growth in grace and holy living, and while exceedingly liberal as to his opinions, yet as a general rule he is exceedingly orthodox as to his pocket book.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SANCTIFIED OLD FOOL.

As might be expected, seeing that the Same Old Fool knows it all, that another class of the same genus would feel it all, and while Christians admit religious feeling as an evidence of spiritual life, in the same way that bodily feeling is an evidence of physical life, yet no one with any sense at all keeps his hand upon his pulse all the time to see whether he is alive or not. The fact that he is able to move, labor, eat and sleep is sufficient evidence that the body is not dead.

The Sanctified Old Fool, however, discards all external evidence such as doing good to the poor, living soberly and righteously in this present evil world, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, denies any conflict whatsoever

with the world, the flesh, and the Devil, and claims to have an internal evidence that none of these things move him. He has an instantaneous process which eliminates every carnal desire and makes him holy at once. Although the injunction is, "Grow is grace," he believes in jumping in.

Now the only trouble with The Sanctified Old Fool is that his belief on this point is contrary to the express testimony of the Word of God in a hundred places, while only a far-fetched interpretation of a few obscure passages of Scripture can be distorted in favor of his position. But as he substitutes feeling for fact, the only way to get a true conclusion of the whole matter is to watch him. Now it would seem that if there were an individual on the globe who could bear watching it would be a sanctified person. And yet we have known one of these Old Fools who professed entire sanctification to lie abed every morning until his wife had kindled the fire, fed the stock, and gotten his breakfast. He was absolutely too pious to treat the wife of his bosom with common courtesy. But when descanting on his favorite topic, he grew eloquent if not sublime, and to hear him bragging on the blessedness of his soul one would wonder that a chariot of fire did not descend and take him to the Seventh Heaven at once.

Several years ago the writer of these sketches was a resident of one of our great cities. He heard of this sanctification craze and determined to investigate it. A large tent capable of holding 1500 people had been erected on one of the public squares in which Holiness Meetings, so-called, were being held nightly. He failed to attend these meetings, but seeing a notice in an evening paper of one of this kind to be held at the house of

a friend, he attended. Imagine his surprise when he entered the room to find the *Mercurius* of the meeting one N—, a voluble Irishman whom he had encountered some time previous prowling through the Post Office Department, seeking a government clerkship with the endorsement of one of the most profane Congressmen then in Washington. N— was a squat, heavy set, beefy looking fellow, and as far from the idea of a sanctified person as one could imagine. In fact the idea of a sanctified Irishman is of itself sufficient to tickle the midriff of a miser. He had just risen as we entered the room and spoke as follows:

“Me brithrin and sisters. I landed in this coonthre only six months ago with fifteen cints in me pocket and the gerrace of God in me heart. I knew nothing of this second blissing, and now bless me sowl I know all about it. And what is more me brithren and sisters, I want you to know all about it too.” He then invited all those present who wished to be sanctified to come forward. To the writer’s great surprise all except two, a red-headed and freckle-faced Scotchman and himself, accepted the invitation. Having knelt a short time in silent prayer, first one and then another arose and professed to be sanctified. But we had not escaped observation, and pretty soon a delegation of elderly sisters approached us, and wished to know why we had not come forward. Upon being informed that we did not believe in it, one of them addressing the writer, exclaimed: “I am afraid brother you will be lost.” Upon being informed that I knew I knew I was *lost* as soon as I got in that crowd she turned on her heel and left.

But the end was not yet. As soon as the sanctification racket was over, some brother, a little more sanctified

perhaps than the rest, opened his guns on the sin of using tobacco. First one old brother and then another gave his experience as to how he had been set free by the grace of God from this wickedness, until at last an old woman whose peculiar headgear, of a fashion forty years ago, arose. Her chin had an upward curve, and nearly came in conjunction with her nose. Her eyes, which were small and deep-set were piercing. Her whole frame was in a state of agitation. We expected a novel scene and were not disappointed. She began: "When I was down in Ann-a-Randle [She meant Anne Arundel] county, I had my pie-ip in my mowth all the time. Sometimes I wanted to praise the Lord, and there was that old pie-ip in my mowth, and I could not do it. I prayed to the good Lord to take that pie-ip outen my mowth, an' he hearn my cry, and he took that pie-ip outen my mowth and flung it away, and from that day to this it has been glory halleluiah!"

When the old lady had concluded this remarkable speech there was a general hand clapping and shouting of "Glory" all over the house. As for my unsanctified Scotch friend, who like myself was a tobacco chewer, he was so overcome that he dropped upon his knees and began praying: "O Lord! Take the taste of tobacco out of my mouth!" "O Lord! Take the taste of tobacco out of my mouth!" which he continued repeating until he arose and declared the taste was gone. This closed the meeting. We may add that a few days afterwards we saw him on Pennsylvania avenue chewing the weed with as much gusto as a billygoat would a circus poster. We exclaimed, "Why, old fellow, I thought, you were converted the other night?" "I was," said he, "but I fell from grace." As for N—, he wound up the per-

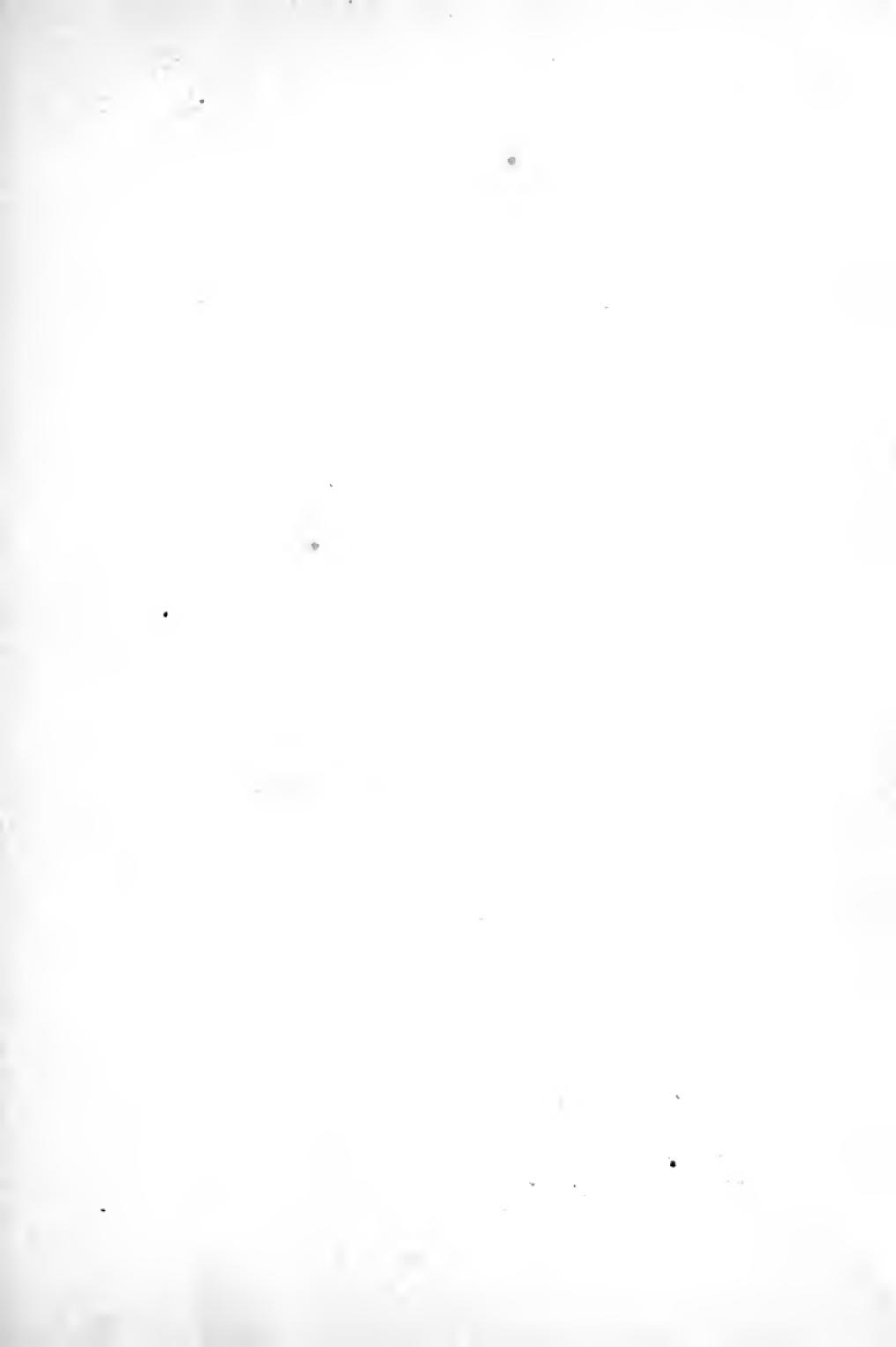
formance by selling sanctification songs of his own composing for ten cents apiece, and realized quite a snug sum therefrom.

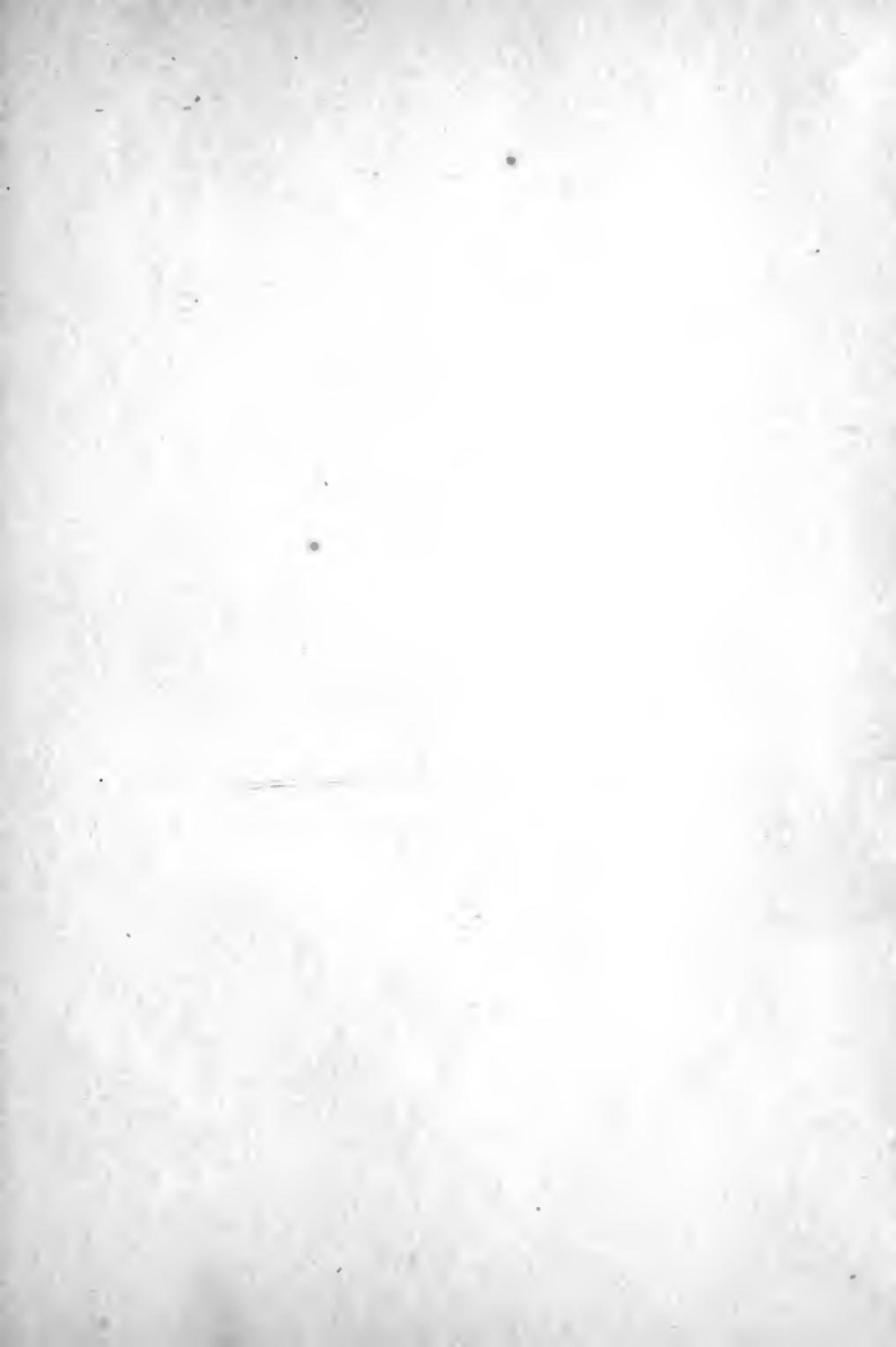
We have written this chapter concerning the Sanctified Old Fool more in pity than in anger, being fully persuaded that a great majority of those who profess sanctification are simply the dupes of their own feelings.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST OLD FOOL.

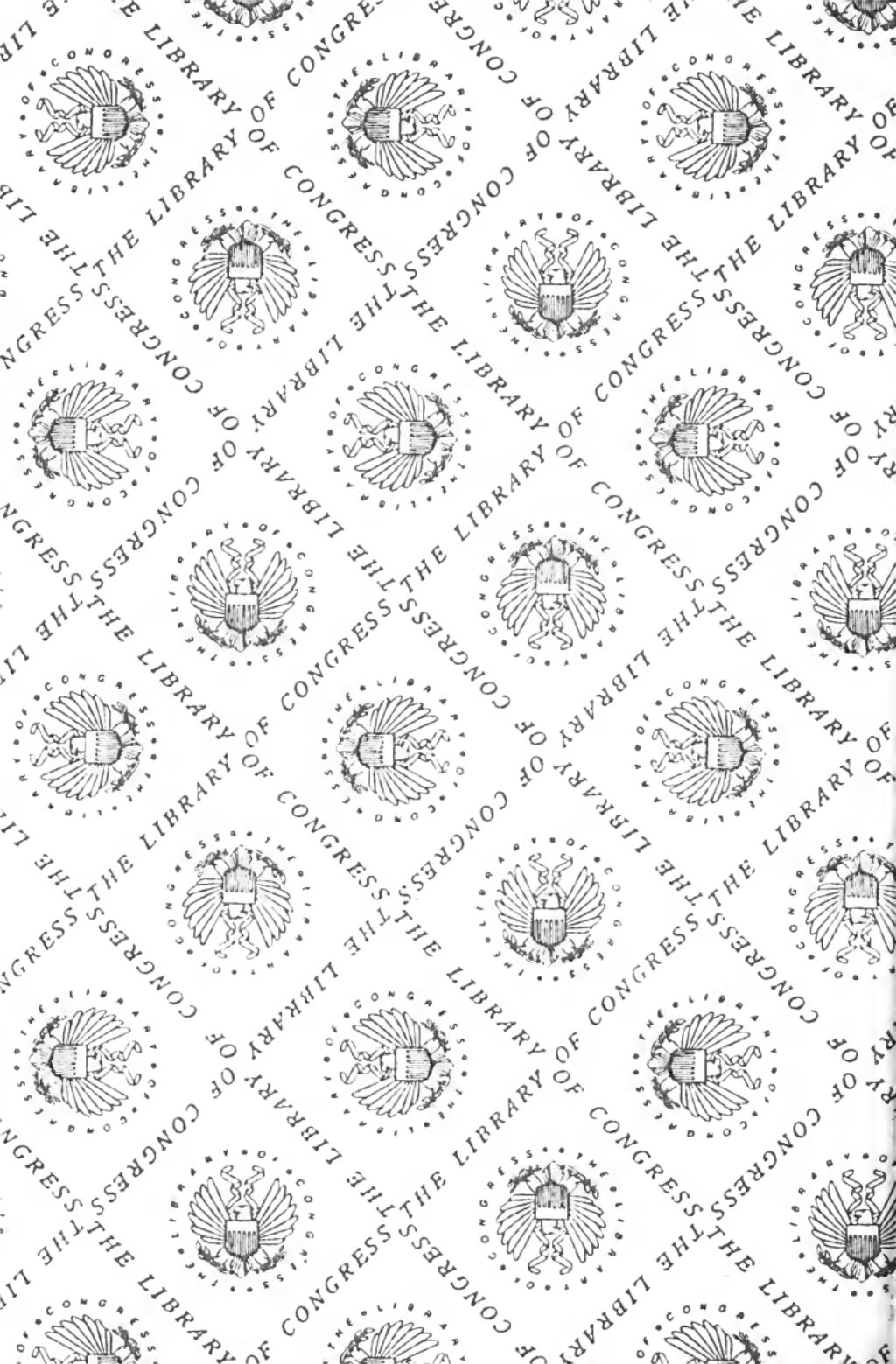
The reader of this book must have been struck with the tenderness of its style. Why, nearly all of his literary children are given the most endearing of pet names by their fond parent. And we will add that in concluding this veracious chronicle, for fear of hurting his feelings, we will not call the name of the Last Old Fool at all. Neither will we attempt to describe him, and we will give our reasons for not doing so. Here they are: First, as to his name. We never use "cuss words," and even if we did, he is such a confounded old cuss that it would beggar the objurgatory portion of the English language to do him justice. We will not attempt to describe him, as we have a due regard for the pleasures of the imagination in nearly every human being, and hence will allow our readers both to give him a name and a character. Suffice it to say were you to take every other Old Fool in this book and roll them into one, you might have a faint conception of what sort of an animal the Last Old Fool really is.

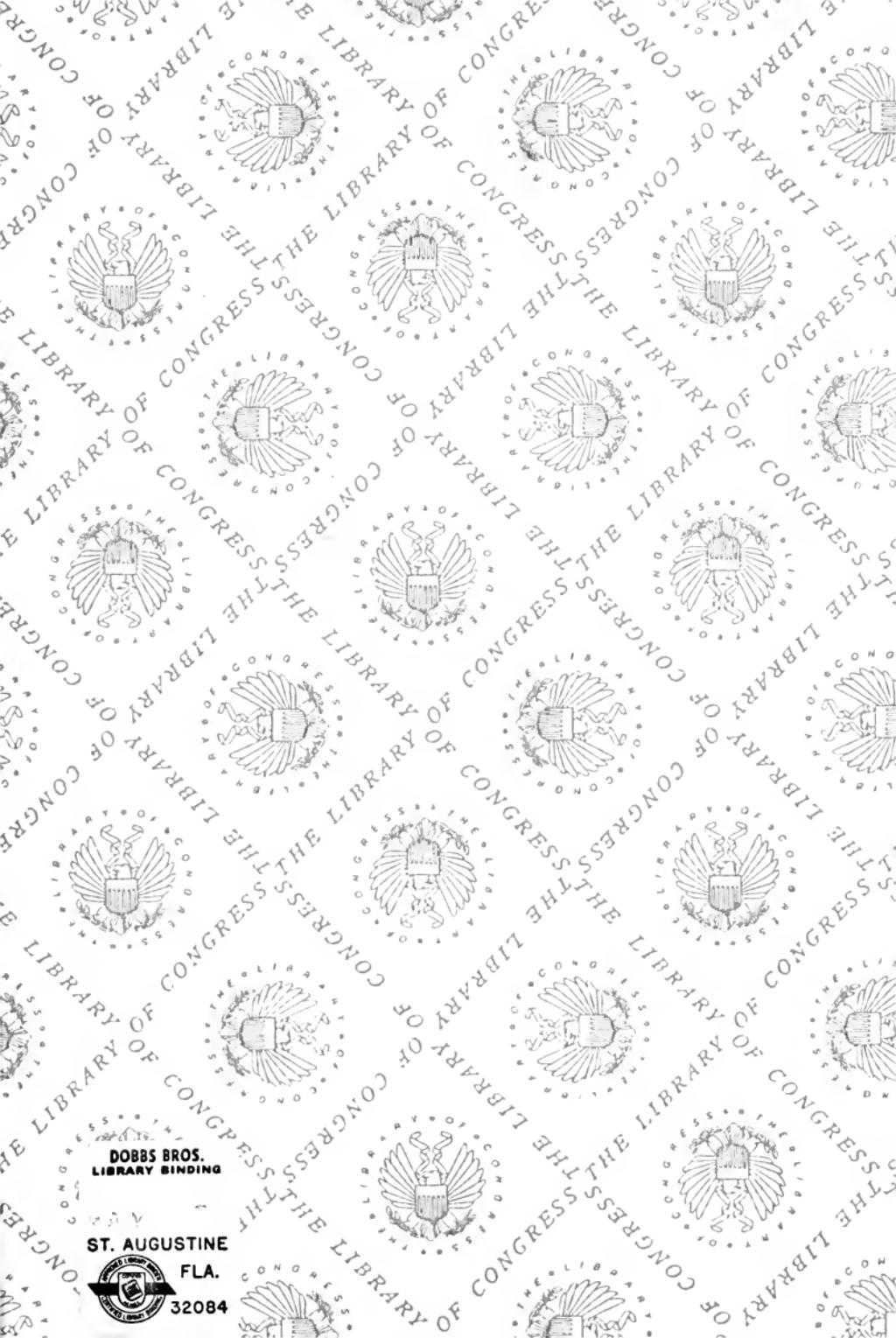




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